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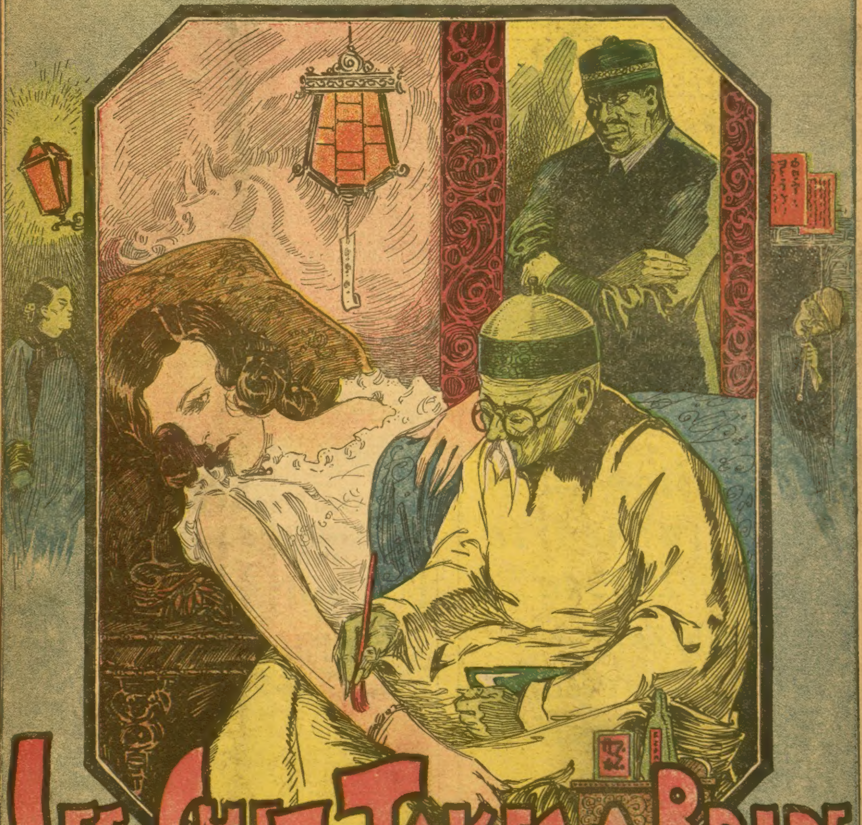

LEE CHIT TAKES A BRIDE

by James B. Starr

One of the Most Powerful Chinatown Stories Ever Penned

C. O. Longabaugh

CHICAGO LEDGER

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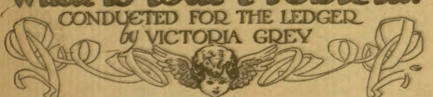
What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER by VICTORIA GREY



DEAR MISS GREY: I am in my late teens and have never had a "date" yet! Now don't think I am an eyesore, altho I couldn't win the beauty contest.

If there is a group of young folks talking and I join them, they all become serious and talk about everyday topics instead of the little gossip and joking that all young people like. The boys "fool around" with other girls—you know what I mean—but never with me. They treat me as tho I were a helpless old woman who must be respected.

Now please tell me what I can do to be more of a mixer. People, especially the male sex, are too respectful to me. I never get an invitation to any affair the young or old are giving. Why? Please answer me truly and don't think this was written to amuse myself, for I really and truly am worried and puzzled.

BUTTONS.

My dear: In the studying of human nature, one of the many things to be observed is this: A person you meet stands out as being of vital personality, far above the persons around them, or of vibrant character; you ask this person something about his social experience; he will relate some such difficulty as you have just stated in his youth. I have met many men and women of remarkable character and I have sooner or later found out their little experience of youth and how they surmounted the difficulty. It is remarkable how these youthful experiences make for character and personality, and —yes—achievement.

Your plight reminds me—if you will pardon the seeming rudeness of the comparison?—of a story written by the well-known author, Jack London. The story is of a dog who came into the world with a black mark over his eye. This mark gave the dog the appearance of scowling, and yet there never was a dog with a friendlier heart in his canine bosom than he. He would dash up to a group of men in the friendliest of spirits and receive a rain of kicks and blows. For the men all thought he was vicious and was going to attack them with his teeth.

I imagine you were born with a very aristocratic brow, or mouth, or chin, or bearing. These other young people are a little bit afraid of you—you, who are only a fun-loving youngster like themselves! They don't like to joke with such a "nice" girl as you around and without joking they can have no fun. Therefore they deem it easier not to impose themselves upon the "nice" girl, and therefore they can have all the fun they want without being watched and criticised. They do not know you would be the last person on earth to criticise youthful spirit and look askance at it. How long have you lived there? If not very long, they will begin to know you for the joyous little bubble you are. They will begin to whisper around, "Why, she's not stiff and proud at all like she seems. She's loads of fun!" And you will find yourself becoming the rage amongst them. On the other hand, if you have been reared in the community there, they will be so used to your being about that they will discover nothing. The solution is to move to another community or town. You cannot imagine how differently different groups of people take one! You can be the vogue in one group and absolutely never spoken to in another.

Do not modify your conduct, however. Act your own self. I cannot emphasize this too strongly. I congratulate you on the remarkably perfect letter you write and especially upon the chipper, almost disinterested view you take of the whole matter. Can you keep this up, this viewpoint? But I feel you will. Let me hear how you fare.

Some Personal Replies.

SANDY: Wash in very tepid water, rinse in cold and give your face an ice bath morning and night for about fifteen minutes. Never mind, young lady, I know who you are now!

HOPEFUL: Indeed you have talent. If you studied you would get along rapidly, I am sure. The shape of the elbow in the sample you sent me, and the shadow of the flowers over it are two little things that prove you are observing. And then there is expression in the face. One shoulder is a bit out of drawing and the under lids of the eyes are far too conspicuous. Try making no underlid at all, and you'll see it isn't half bad. I'd advise you to take a regular course of study.

MRS. J. C. B.: You might send samples and prices you ask to the large mail-order houses of Chicago. Your letter is in pretty good form; the date should have been written, say, Nov. 4, 1922. Also, it is now considered poor form to end with a participle such as "thanking you," "hoping you are well," etc. These should be "Thank you," or "I hope you are well," and on the next line should appear, "Yours truly," or "Yours sincerely," "Affectionately yours," or whatever form you deem suitable to the person you are writing to. In all other points, your letter is correct.

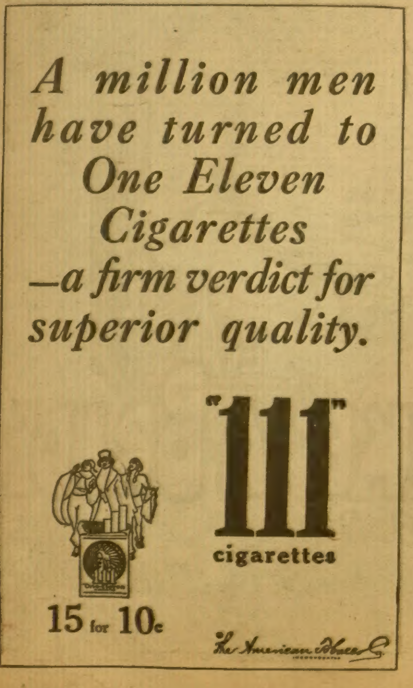
BUSTY: I am very sorry I didn't get to your letter until too late for the party. In case of another, however, a fruit salad with salted crackers, hot chocolate and home-made cake form perfect refreshment for kiddies 13 to 15 years old. Read my next article in the Ledger for games.

BELLE: Let your hair hang loose. Tie it very tightly with a ribbon or string about three inches from the end in back. Let the string or ribbon be long enough so that you can tie the other end to your belt or waist loosely. This will keep it from flopping about in your way. The air will thus have a chance to evaporate the perspiration from your head. If you have short hairs near the front, purchase an old-fashioned round comb to wear and hold it back. Do not try to stop the sweating as that saves you from being overcome by the sun and heat.

B. M.: Exercise the parts regularly mornings and evenings by twisting back and forth twenty times. Straight up and down lines and no frills, a high

(Continued on Page 20.)

Readers having problems which they intend to submit to Miss Grey are advised that the response to her department has been so generous that several months will elapse before answers to queries coming in even at this date can be printed. Many questions thus far sent in are duplicates, however, of others, and perhaps YOUR problem may find its answer in the solution of some one else. If you have a problem it will pay you to watch this column.



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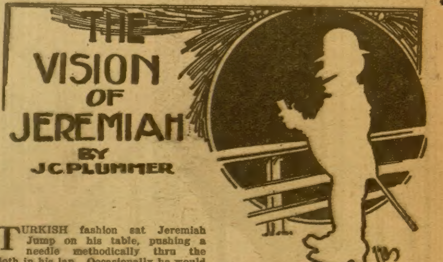
Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 45



THE VISION OF JEREMIAH

BY J.C.PLUMMER

TURKISH fashion sat Jeremiah Jump on his table, pushing a needle methodically thru the cloth in his lap. Occasionally he would glance thru the dingy window panes at the dingy houses over the way, or —and there was anxiety on his face— then at the door leading from the rear apartments to the shop.

Keckler came in and sat down wearily in a chair. Keckler was always weary, altho he only worked on Saturdays in Blum's barber shop. If any one had chosen to speculate how Keckler lived, and no one ever had so chosen, it would have proved an abstruse problem.

"The fourth time," said Mr. Jump, with solemnity.

"Ach, Gott," aspirated Keckler.

Mr. Jump allowed his needle to remain in the cloth, eyed Mr. Keckler and recited in an even monotone:

"Little Minch has won four races at Brighton Beach, one after the other. Odds against him; four to one, three to one, two to one, three to one. If I had bet $10 on him each time I would have won $120. What did I tell you two months ago about the horse Little Minch, Keckler?"

"You said," replied Keckler, with a glibness betokening frequent repetition, "that Little Minch would win five races without losing one."

"Mark you," cried Mr. Jump, excitedly, "he has run four races and has won four. He runs the fifth today. He wins that race today surely as fate."

"It was wonderful," said Mr. Keckler.

"It was a vision," corrected Mr. Jump, solemnly.

As if he anticipated what was coming Mr. Keckler lifted his napless hat from the floor as a premonitory symptom of leaving, but the eye of Mr. Jump nailed him to his chair.

"You remember the holiday two months ago when I went to Brighton Beach with Bressler, Keckler?" narrated Mr. Jump, still eying his visitor. "Well, we saw a race won by a big black horse called Little Minch. He looked so fiery and strong that if I had a had some money I'd made a bet on him. When I comes home I kept a thinkin' about that big black horse. I couldn't get him out of my mind. That night," here Mr.

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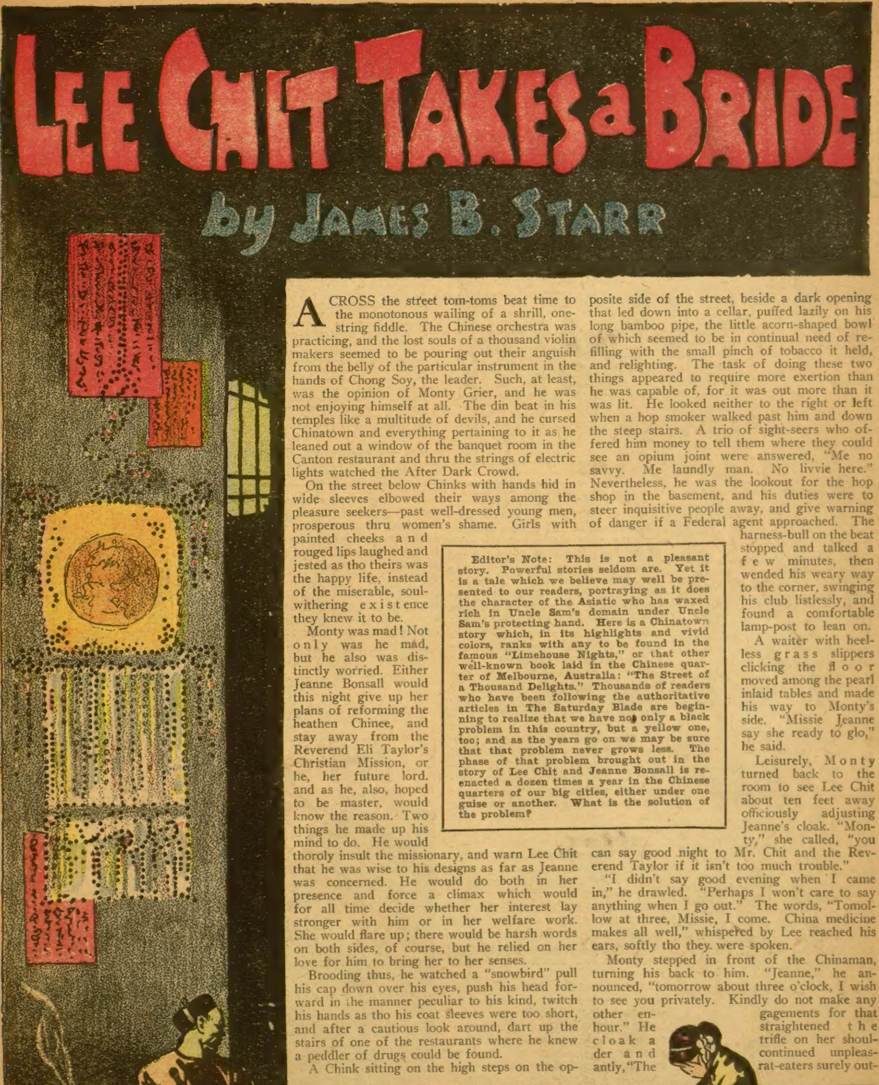


LEE CHIT TAKES a BRIDE

by JAMES B. STARR

ACROSS the street tom-toms beat time to the monotonous wailing of a shrill, one-string fiddle. The Chinese orchestra was practicing, and the lost souls of a thousand violin makers seemed to be pouring out their anguish from the belly of the particular instrument in the hands of Chong Soy, the leader. Such, at least, was the opinion of Monty Grier, and he was not enjoying himself at all. The din beat in his temples like a multitude of devils, and he cursed Chinatown and everything pertaining to it as he leaned out a window of the banquet room in the Canton restaurant and thru the strings of electric lights watched the After Dark Crowd.

On the street below Chinks with hands hid in wide sleeves elbowed their ways among the pleasure seekers—past well-dressed young men, prosperous thru women's shame. Girls with painted cheeks and rouged lips laughed and jested as tho theirs was the happy life, instead of the miserable, soul-withering existence they knew it to be.

Monty was mad! Not only was he mad, but he also was distinctly worried. Either Jeanne Bonsall would this night give up her plans of reforming the heathen Chinee, and stay away from the Reverend Eli Taylor's Christian Mission, or he, her future lord. and as he, also, hoped to be master, would know the reason. Two things he made up his mind to do. He would thoroly insult the missionary, and warn Lee Chit that he was wise to his designs as far as Jeanne was concerned. He would do both in her presence and force a climax which would for all time decide whether her interest lay stronger with him or in her welfare work. She would flare up; there would be harsh words on both sides, of course, but he relied on her love for him to bring her to her senses.

Editor's Note: This is not a pleasant story. Powerful stories seldom are. Yet it is a tale which we believe may well be presented to our readers, portraying as it does the character of the Asiatic who has waxed rich in Uncle Sam's domain under Uncle Sam's protecting hand. Here is a Chinatown story which, in its highlights and vivid colors, ranks with any to be found in the famous "Limehouse Nights," or that other well-known book laid in the Chinese quarter of Melbourne, Australia: "The Street of a Thousand Delights." Thousands of readers who have been following the authoritative articles in The Saturday Blade are beginning to realize that we have not only a black problem in this country, but a yellow one, too; and as the years go on we may be sure that that problem never grows less. The phase of that problem brought out in the story of Lee Chit and Jeanne Bonsall is reenacted a dozen times a year in the Chinese quarters of our big cities, either under one guise or another. What is the solution of the problem?

Brooding thus, he watched a "snowbird" pull his cap down over his eyes, push his head forward in the manner peculiar to his kind, twitch his hands as tho his coat sleeves were too short, and after a cautious look around, dart up the stairs of one of the restaurants where he knew a peddler of drugs could be found.

A Chink sitting on the high steps on the opposite side of the street, beside a dark opening that led down into a cellar, puffed lazily on his long bamboo pipe, the little acorn-shaped bowl of which seemed to be in continual need of refilling with the small pinch of tobacco it held, and relighting. The task of doing these two things appeared to require more exertion than he was capable of, for it was out more than it was lit. He looked neither to the right or left when a hop smoker walked past him and down the steep stairs. A trio of sight-seers who offered him money to tell them where they could see an opium joint were answered, "Me no savvy. Me laundly man. No livvie here." Nevertheless, he was the lookout for the hop shop in the basement, and his duties were to steer inquisitive people away, and give warning of danger if a Federal agent approached. The harness-bull on the beat stopped and talked a few minutes, then wended his weary way to the corner, swinging his club listlessly, and found a comfortable lamp-post to lean on.

A waiter with heelless grass slippers clicking the floor moved among the pearl inlaid tables and made his way to Monty's side. "Missie Jeanne say she ready to glo," he said.

Leisurely, Monty turned back to the room to see Lee Chit about ten feet away officiously adjusting Jeanne's cloak. "Monty," she called, "you can say good night to Mr. Chit and the Reverend Taylor if it isn't too much trouble."

"I didn't say good evening when I came in," he drawled. "Perhaps I won't care to say anything when I go out." The words, "Tomollow at three, Missie, I come. China medicine makes all well," whispered by Lee reached his ears, softly tho they were spoken.

Monty stepped in front of the Chinaman, turning his back to him. "Jeanne," he announced, "tomorrow about three o'clock, I wish to see you privately. Kindly do not make any other engagements for that hour." He straightened the cloak a trifle on her shoulder and continued unpleasantly, "The rat-eaters surely out-did themselves tonight, dear, don't you think? Really, they are as good cooks as they are shirt washers. I have no idea at all what some of the dishes were composed of. Mice, rats, snails, birds' nest and other delectable ingredients, I suppose." He laughed sneeringly, then chanted, "Me glood Chlistian. China boy die—maybe glo heben, allee samme white man." Noticing the missionary approaching, he changed his tone and declared vehemently, "I'd like to give every one of them a dose of arsenic as soon as you and the Hallelujah Taylor have them converted!"

Jeanne flushed. What in the world had come over Monty she wondered. Displeased, she knew he was, but such behavior from him whose manners were irreproachable she could not understand. Surely he had gone insane. But —no, the angry look in his eyes told her that he was simply trying to be rude. Instead of answering, she ignored him entirely, and turned to her Chinese friend. "Mr. Chit," she said sweetly, "I have no engagement whatever for 3 o'clock tomorrow. I shall be delighted to have you call at that time. Thank you, so much, for this entertainment."

The wealthy oriental merchant in correct evening clothes bowed low and uttered his gratitude in pidgin English, then left her to speak to the Reverend Eli.

MONTY grasped her arm. With a stifled cry she pulled away from him. The cloak fell from her shoulders and its clasp caught in the sheer silk of her sleeve. That which he knew she had tried to conceal all the evening was disclosed.

He looked at her inquiringly. She knew he had seen, and an explanation of some kind was necessary.

"I burned my arm on a radiator," she lied, glibly, "and the aluminum paint must have burned into the flesh. Now —take me to my car, and—Monty, you and I are thru! I thought, at least, you were a gentleman, but—oh!— what is the use? Please don't raise your voice and make us conspicious. You may as well understand first as last that my interests are wholly with the Chinese. It will be better for you to stay away from me from now on— if you must insult my friends." Nervously she covered her arm with her cloak. Monty's eyes followed every movement, his face growing pale and his look troubled.

"Yes, dearie," he answered, "let's get away from here—and the yellow devil who steps in the way, I'll kill!"

Frightened, she followed him out to the street and into her car. She attempted to take her place at the wheel, but he crowded her over to the other seat, and stepped on the starter. Despite her protest, he guided the machine out of heavy traffic and into a quiet street.

"Poor little girl," he murmured over and over again to himself.

"Monty, where are you driving?" she demanded. "I do believe you have lost your senses. Take me home this instant!"

Apparently, he failed to hear her, for the speed of the machine increased until they were on a country road. Then he shut off the power and took the girl in his arms.

"Poor kid," he said, "now tell me all about it, and we will plan what to do. My house in Burnside will hide you— we will be married in the morning, dear —no trouble about the details. I'll fix everything, and the world need never know. Dr. Chetwynd will surely be able to do something—I'll spend a hundred thousand dollars if necessary—and, honey, I'll stay with you to the end!"

(Continued on Page 15.)

What Was One Woman Doing Simulating Another in Mexico? Here Is the Strange Problem of

Locked in the Sea

By Crittenden Marriott

What Happened in the Preceding Installment

MISS THORNDYKE tried to wrest a letter from Asher's hand. The envelope fell to the floor. She snatched it up, darted to the door, turned and faced him, a pistol gleaming in her hand. Then, like a flash, she whipped thru the door and was gone. But the letter she had obtained was not the one Otto Hand had sent by Lottie Dare. Asher had tricked her.

A moment later Asher was attacked by a half a dozen men who sprang thru the shattered window and thru the door. A blow on his head laid him senseless. When consciousness returned Otto Hand's body had been pushed against the wall. The "big black man" was bending over him (Asher), demanding "that letter." He motioned to a pile of papers on the billiard table and commanded Asher to pick it out. The Thorndyke girl was tugging at the "black man's" arm, as the burly foreigner closed his powerful fingers about Asher's throat. There was a sudden red glow—then darkness for Asher.

Asher next found himself in a hospital ward. His eyes were bandaged. The Chimneystack Building had burned. Asher had been rescued with his clothes on fire. There was little left of his coat. Undoubtedly the apartment had been fired by a band of men who hoped to thus destroy the letter.

When Asher learned that Miss Rockton had sailed on the Oldenburg, he asked detectives to intercept and recall her. In the charred fragments of his coat Asher found part of the letter which Otto Hand had delivered. All he could make out of it was, "kl have a B" . . . "heart of the sar" . . . "reach it a' Ch"—parts of three lines.

Captain Bagton, commander of a U. S. torpedo boat, wirelessed that he had boarded the Oldenburg; had seen Miss Rockton, who refused to come ashore. Captain Wirt reported everything O. K. with the Oldenburg, which continued on its way. Asher then gave Joe Reno money with which to buy railroad tickets to Vera Cruz. Arriving there Asher got another stunning jolt when a hotel clerk pointed out a young woman and her male companion as "Miss Rockton, owner, and Captain Wirt of steamer Oldenburg," which had just arrived. The young woman with Captain Wirt was none other than Zetta Thorndyke!

This story began in No. 42, the Ledger for Oct. 21. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

SUPERFICIALLY, the two were not unlike. They were of about the same height and the same build; they had the same coloring and same general type of features. One with only a description to guide him might easily be deceived in taking one for the other. But Asher had known Ann too well and too long, and he had gained too strong an impress of Zetta's features even in the few moments that he had seen her to be deceived.

All the accumulated forebodings that had driven him to travel 3,000 miles by rail, from New York to Vera Cruz, to see Ann and satisfy himself that all was well with her, came to a head there and then. Ann Rockton had disappeared! On her own ship, surrounded by her own employes, she had disappeared. Many evils had Asher's imagination conjured as for Ann since he had learned of her departure from New York, but among them all had been none like this.

And Zetta had taken her place——. Zetta, of all people in the world. The chapter in which she figured had reopened with a vengeance. Well, he must see it thru. If Zetta was a foe to Ann; if she was a party to this plot against her (and he could not doubt that she was); if she was really the associate of thieves and murderers, then he would handle her without mercy.

But he hoped it would prove otherwise. For the moment, at any rate, he would put all thoughts of Zetta in the background. Ann, Ann, must be his immediate care. Until he knew that Ann was safe he must consider Zetta a foe and act accordingly. On the train, with plenty of time to think, he had not been able to dismiss Zetta from his thoughts; but now, with the need of action at hand, he had no doubt as to his ability to act with an eye single to his duty.

Reassured, then back he came to the conditions that faced him. How could any one have dared to plan and carry out such a substitution as this? What possible object could any one hope to accomplish by it? Ann Rockton was too well known for any one but a madman to hope to sustain the deception long. The scheme would fail. The thing was preposterous on its face.

Yes! It was preposterous, but it was true. It was true! It had been carried out either by fools or by men whose need was so great that they were ready to risk everything. Asher did not believe that they were fools. Then who——

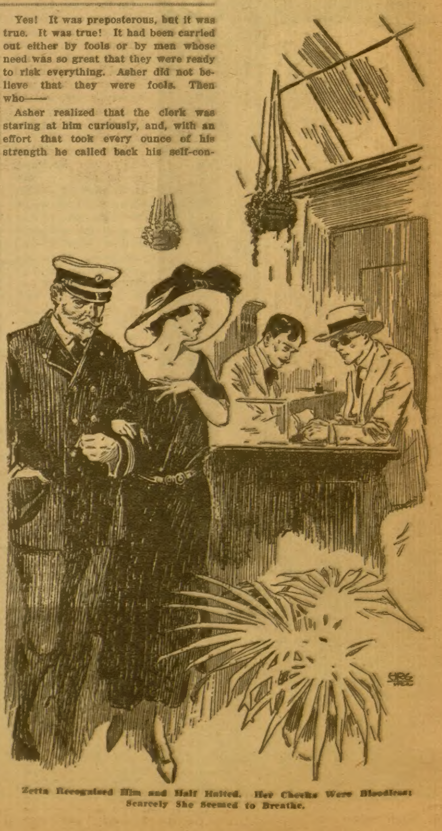
Asher realized that the clerk was staring at him curiously, and, with an effort that took every ounce of his strength he called back his self-control. Now, if ever, he needed it.

"She has changed much since I saw her last," he said, almost calmly.

The hotel clerk shrugged his shoulders. "What would you?" he demanded. "Today a girl is a girl only; tomorrow she is a senorita. Truly, when the time come they change overnight; they burst the—what you call—chrysalis and"—the clerk waved his hands for conclusion. Then—"If the senor would speak with her he had best do so quickly," he added. "She leaves within the hour for Mexico City."

Asher's brows wrinkled. The plot was broadening and hurrying to a climax. He must act quickly.

But what should he do? Appeal to the police? No. There was no hope in the Mexican police or in the Mexican government. Nine Mexicans out of every ten hated Americans. Perhaps they had cause to hate them; Asher knew well that his countrymen had not been guiltless in their dealings with Mexico and Mexicans, and he knew too that the contempt that border Americans felt and showed for all Mexicans had bit into the bone. Justified or not, their hatred was a fact. Some Mexicans might be willing to help in such a case as this, but far more would rush



Zetta Recognized Him and Half Halted. Her Cheeks Were Bloodless; Scarcely She Seemed to Breathe.

to hinder, Asher convinced himself.

Should he seek the American consul? That, too, would be useless. Asher knew the consul and he knew that he would do his best; but he knew, too, that the appearance of the consul on the one side would be the signal for the union of the Mexicans on the other. No Mexican would take sides against his countrymen in favor of the hated "gringoes."

Should he try to raise a squad of volunteer Americans? Asher was sure that he could do it if he had time. But time was what he did not have. And, in any event, he had no desire to start a revolution. He wanted to punish the people who had engineered this outrage and he meant to do so in the long run. But first of all he wanted to find and rescue Ann; and he could not do this by starting any private war. To start one would insure Ann's destruction; if she were still alive she would simply be murdered out of hand.

What then was left?

Asher's jaw hardened. The answer was plain. He did not need to consider alternatives. In fact he had not considered them. His mind had bridged the gap and answered the question before it was really formulated. He must take the matter into his own hands. In himself and in Joe Reno alone lay hope.

His moment of narrowing concentration had been brief, but it had been engrossing. During it he had not seen Zetta Thorndyke and her escort Captain Wirt, approaching. When he looked up they were close upon him.

Asher did not move. Carelessly he leaned against the desk, staring idly thru his dark glasses, which he himself had forgotten, but which nevertheless effectively masked his features. If he had been the most casual loafer his air of indifference could not have been better assumed.

Nevertheless Zetta recognized him and half halted. For an instant she seemed dazed, gripping the arm of Captain Wirt and staring at Asher with distended eyes. Her cheeks were bloodless. Scarcely she seemed to breathe.

Frowningly Captain Wirt swung around. "What's the matter?" he demanded, curiously.

Zetta's color flowed back. With a desperate effort she caught her breath. An expression of incredulous wonder lighted her eyes. "Nothing!" she answered. "Only a cold shiver that ran thru me."

Captain Wirt grunted. Suspiciously he glanced about him. For a moment his gaze rested on Asher, then swept on. Finally it came back to Zetta. "Cold shiver? Sailors say that means that the shark that's going to get you has started out for you," he grunted.

Asher did not move until the two had passed on to the elevator and had disappeared. Then he turned to the clerk. "I won't register just yet," he said. "If my friend, Mr. Reno, comes in, ask him to wait for me." To and out of the door he hurried and down the street.

HALF of his mind was steady; he had determined on his course and would follow it; the other half was in turmoil.

Zetta had recognized him; he was sure of that. In spite of his dark glasses she had recognized him. This, however, did not trouble him.

What did trouble him was the fact that she had not been frightened by his appearance. She had been startled, yes, but she had not been frightened. She had been— What had she been? Asher could not put a name to the expression that had flitted for a single instant across her face. Vainly he groped for its interpretation.

Abruptly he paused as he caught sight of the United States shield above the entrance to a building. In beneath it he swung, ran up a flight of stairs and in at a well-remembered doorway.

Inside, a man writing at a desk glanced up, then sprang to his feet. "Asher!" he cried. "Welcome back, old man. I thought you were in France!"

"I was. But I've got business here, and I haven't a moment to lose."

"Sit down." The consul dragged forward a chair. "Go on!" He could be concise and condensed when need be, could the consul.

Rapidly Asher explained. "I want to know whether Miss Rockton is still on board the Oldenburg," he ended. "You can find out without arousing suspicion and nobody else can. You can go on board——"

"I've been on board. This morning. Came ashore with Captain Wirt and the girl who is now at the hotel. She was passing as Miss Rockton. You're sure you're right about her being an impostor?"

"Absolutely."

"Good! No doubt you're right. I've had dispatches from Washington about the Oldenburg. She's under suspicion. I'll seize her at once and have her searched. She's an American ship, and I've got a consular guard of jackies here, you know."

"Wait! The pretended Miss Rockton—Zetta Thorndyke was the name she went by in New York—is going to leave for Mexico City with Captain Wirt in an hour. I'm going on the same train—I and Joe Reno. Don't act till we have started."

The consul nodded. "I understand!" He pulled out his watch and glanced at it. "You've got no time to lose," he said, "if you're going back to the hotel. Trains are very uncertain these days. Sometimes they're half an hour earlier and ofterner six hours later. You can't guess them."

"I won't try. But I must know things before I go. What did your dispatches say about the Oldenburg?"

"Said she carried a lot of gasoline and to make sure that she had it all when she got here. I don't know what they suspect. In war times some ships supplied German subs or raiders, you know. But this isn't war time. And, anyhow, she had it all. I counted the drums this morning. They've been unloading them all day. We've had a gasoline famine here, you know."

"I didn't know. . . . Anything else?"

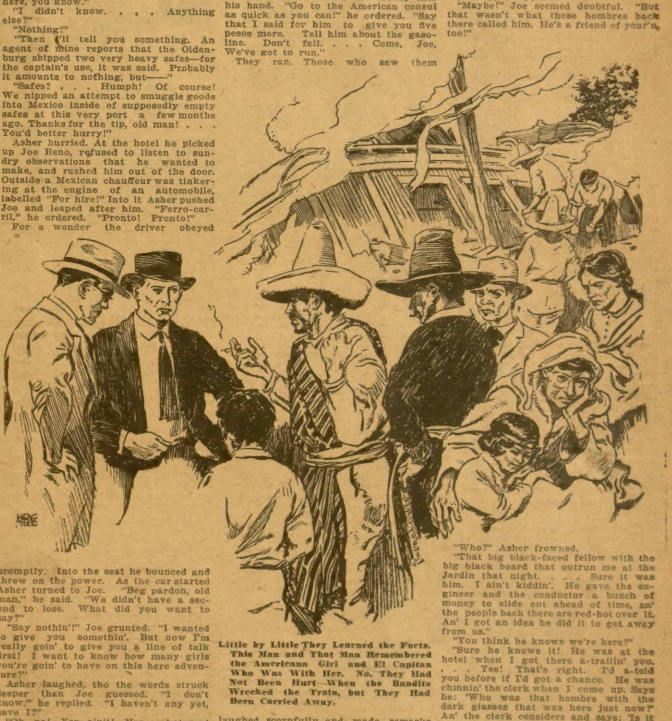
"Nothing!"

"Then I'll tell you something. An agent of mine reports that the Oldenburg shipped two very heavy safes—for the captain's use, it was said. Probably it amounts to nothing, but——"

"Safes? . . . Humph! Of course! We nipped an attempt to smuggle goods into Mexico inside of supposedly empty safes at this very port a few months ago. Thanks for the tip, old man! . . . You'd better hurry!"

Asher hurried. At the hotel he picked up Joe Reno, refused to listen to sundry observations that he wanted to make, and rushed him out of the door. Outside a Mexican chauffeur was tinkering at the engine of an automobile, labelled "For hire!" Into it Asher pushed Joe and leaped after him. "Ferro-carril," he ordered. "Pronto! Pronto!"

For a wonder the driver obeyed promptly. Into the seat he bounced and threw on the power. As the car started Asher turned to Joe. "Beg pardon, old man," he said. "We didn't have a second to lose. What did you want to say?"



Little by Little They Learned the Facts. This Man and That Man Remembered the Americann Girl and El Capitan Who Was With Her. No, They Had Not Been Hurt—When the Bandits Wrecked the Train, but They Had Been Carried Away.

"Say nothin'!" Joe grunted. "I wanted to give you somethin'. But now I'm really goin' to give you a line of talk first! I want to know how many girls you're goin' to have on this here adventure?"

Asher laughed, tho the words struck deeper than Joe guessed. "I don't know," he replied. "I haven't any yet, have I?"

"Oh, no! You ain't! None whatever! I don't know why I never had no bosieux (beau yeux), as they say over in France, but I do know the way you pick up girls is plumb scandalous. I was a-standin' by the desk a-waitin' for you when a girl came up with a sailor man an' paid her bill. I looked at her and she looked at me, an' durned if she wasn't that girl that pulled you outer that fire in New York. I was just a-goin' to say howdy, when she froze me with the freezin'est look you ever see. Brrr! But it was cold. So, natural, I held my jaw. Then, the first thing I knowed, that sea-farin' man turned away and the girl jammed a note into my hand and followed him without a word. An' I looked at the note an' it was addressed to you—to you, mind you—not to me!"

"Give it here." Asher's tones were savage. "Quick."

Joe glanced at him and handed over the note without a word.

It was a mere scrap, bearing only two words; and Asher read these at a glance. "Save me," they said.

Save her! Save her! Asher's heart leaped. She was a victim, then, not an accomplice. Save her? . . . Yes! He would save her, if he had to fight every dago in Mexico to do it. Save her? Yes! By Heaven——

The car stopped. The engine had been behaving badly from the start and at last it had failed altogether. Breathing profanity, the chauffeur jumped out and examined his gasoline tank. Then he swore louder than ever. "It is no good, senores," he cried. "I have not the more gasoline. I thought I had enough but I have not. At the garage have sold me water instead of gasoline."

"Water?"

"But yes, senor! Salt water! Sea water. Four liters of it. It comes from the American ship which arrive today."

From the Oldenburg! Asher's eyes widened. The consul had spoken of the Oldenburg's gasoline. If the drums that he had counted were filled with sea water, what had become of the gasoline they had contained? He must send word——

Then he heard a locomotive whistle and started. He would warn the consul when he could, but he would catch the train first. The station was in sight, only a block away. Round he spun on the chauffeur and crammed money into his hand. "Go to the American consul as quick as you can!" he ordered. "Say that I said for him to give you five pesos more. Tell him about the gasoline. Don't fail. . . . Come, Joe, We've got to run."

They ran. Those who saw them laughed scornfully and made remarks about the "accursed gringoes." But neither Asher nor Joe knew or cared—till they got to the station just in time to see the train pulling out at a speed that rendered pursuit hopeless.

CHAPTER VII.

ASHER and Joe Reno were not the only would-be passengers who had missed the train. Already a score of excited people were on the platform, buzzing like a swarm of angry bees, and more were rushing up every moment. All were denouncing the railroad, the ticket agent, the guards and pretty nearly everybody in sight, protesting that the train had gone out ten minutes before the scheduled time.

Asher listened long enough to learn the cause of the trouble; then he turned to Joe. "Wait here," he ordered. "Find out whether Miss Thorndyke was aboard and learn everything else connected with her that you can. I'll be back soon."

Asher rushed off, but was back very soon, almost immediately in fact. He snatched Joe out of the middle of a cluster of excited people to whom, from what Asher could hear, he seemed to be proposing to lynch all the railroad people available. "Come along, Joe," he called. "Pronto!"

Joe nodded. "All right," he called, over the heads of the crowd. Then—

"I'd lynch 'em, hombres, if I were you, when they get back," he declared to the throng. "Sure! Seguro que si . . . Adios, senores."

Asher had not waited. When Joe reached him he was sitting at the wheel of a motor car, whose engine was chugging impatiently. The instant Joe jumped in he was off.

"The roads are still fairly good, they tell me," he explained. "The train's got to stop several times and we can take a short cut and catch it in the course of an hour. Anyway, we'll catch it soon after it begins to climb the mountains. I know this country well."

"Where'd you get the car?"

"It's the consul's. Sheer luck he came along. He's all right! I told him about the gasoline. . . . Is Miss Thorndyke on board?"

"Sure she is! An' who do you s'pose is with her? An' how do you s'pose the train came to start ahead of time?"

"Don't know," Asher grunted. "Total depravity, I suppose!"

"Maybe!" Joe seemed doubtful. "But that wasn't what those hombres back there called him. He's a friend of your'n, too!"

"Who?" Asher frowned.

"That big black-faced fellow with the big black beard that outrun me at the Jardin that night. . . , Sure it was him. I ain't kiddin'. He gave the engineer and the conductor a bunch of money to slide out ahead of time, an' the people back there are red-hot over it. An' I got an idea he did it to get away from us."

"You think he knows we're here?"

"Sure he knows it! He was at the hotel when I got there a-trailin' you. . . . Yes! That's right. I'd a-told you before if I'd got a chance. He was chinnin' the clerk when I come up. Says he: 'Who was that hombre with the dark glasses that was here just now?' An' the clerk considers and says: 'Is it that you mean el Senor Asher?' An' the big fellow says: 'Asher!' he says. 'Not the Asher who—' The clerk didn't give him no time to finish. 'Si, senor,' he busts in. An' the big man looks kind of sick and backs away. An' somehow he tripped over my foot, which somehow happens to be plumb in his way. An' he looks around quick, plenty scowlful, an' was just about to say something right rude when he recognizes me an' before I could drill him he bows and growls: 'A thousand pardons, senor,' and off he trots. Say! Wouldn't that jar you?"

"It might, but it doesn't. If I'd had two seconds to think I'd have guessed it. Now you keep quiet for a minute, Joe, and let me try to cipher out something."

Joe subsided and Asher sat with his eyes fixed on the road along which he was driving the powerful machine, but with his subconscious brain far away.

Zetta's note and the quickly following discovery as to the gasoline pointed to astounding conclusions and demanded a reconsideration of all his ideas. If what had happened in New York and in Vera Crux were really part and parcel of a plot to provide gasoline for some illicit purpose any sort of sequel was possible and extreme caution was necessary. The whole thing might be merely the preliminary rumbling of an ordinary Spanish-American revolution, but this Asher found impossible to believe. If rifles and ammunition had been missing from the Oldenburg, the inference would have been easy. But gasoline! What in sheol did revolutionists want with gasoline?

(Continued on Page 18.)

The Fight in the Cabin, and How It Came Out for Bud Lee.

Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

By Jackson Gregory

Refresh Your Memory With This

consented to make a daredevil ride to Rocky Bend for another thousand dollars, as Judith was insistent that the men should be paid at 6 o'clock that night, as promised.

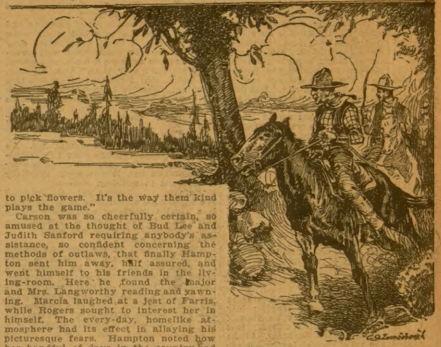
OLD JAKE CARSON, fearless and trusty, saddled a fast horse and went out scouting for the robber. Bullets whined past Bud's head as he was riding thru Squaw Creek canyon on his return with the money The enemy evidently was using smokeless powder and a Maxim silencer. When his horse was shot from under him Bud proceeded to the ranch afoot.

Judith chanced to come upon Bud's cabin retreat in the hills. While she was inspecting its interior bullets began to pepper the walls of the structure. The leader of the attackers was

CHRIS QUINNION, one of Trevors' henchmen, who once had been suspected of striking Luke Sanford on the head with a rifle barrel or revolver and sending his victim's car off the roadway into the yawning chasm. Quinnion established an alibi, but it was plain that there was another man with him when Judith's father was killed.

Judith and Bud were both armed, and they resolved to defend themselves to the very last, and as they crouched near the door in the darkness of the cabin their hands met and clasped.

This story began in No. 41, the Ledger for Oct. 14. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.



The Cattleman Rode Away in Heavy Silence, Headed Toward the Cabin at the Upper End, His Men Riding With Him, an Eager, Watchful Crowd.

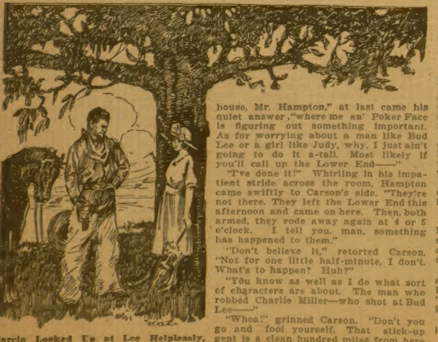
CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTURE OF SHORTY.

IT CAME about, quite as matters often do, that at the three-mile-distant ranch headquarters it was one who knew comparatively little of the ways of this part of the world who was first to suspect that all was not well with Judith Sanford. To Pollock Hampton her failure to appear at dinner was significant.

Together with the other newcomers to the ranch from the city he had been deeply moved by yesterday's outlawry. Drawing upon a vivid imagination, he people the woods with desperate characters. When after dinner an hour passed without bringing Judith, he began to show signs of nervous anxiety. Without making his fears known to his friends, he went to the office and telephoned to Doc Tripp. All that Tripp could tell him was that he didn't know where Judith was and didn't care; she could take care of herself. Tho the veterinarian didn't say as much, he was at the moment puzzled by the new sickness among the hogs and his irritable concern in this matter allowed him scant interest in other people's affairs.

Hampton learned from Mrs. Simpson that in the afternoon Judith after a hurried lunch had taken her rifle and ridden away. Where? Mrs. Simpson did not know. But she grasped the opportunity to confide in Hampton a certain suspicion which she held in connection with the robbery and killing of Bud Lee's horse under him—a suspicion which was growing rapidly into positive certainty. She didn't like to mention the matter to him, since Fujioki was his servant. But had he noted Fujioki and that other black Spanish, Jose? They had a community of interest which must extend far beyond racial kinship; they were, even at this very second, out in the courtyard together talking in subdued voices. Mrs. Simpson had been raised a lady, Mr. Hampton, sir; and she knew that in the best families one was not supposed to eavesdrop. But at a time like this. . . . Well, she had crept up behind the lilac bushes and they were speaking guardedly about the hold-up! Almost in whispers, with every sign of guilt——



Marcia Looked Up at Lee Helplessly, Smilingly, Fascinatingly. It Was Quite as Tho She Had Added: "Oh, Dear! What Shall I Do?"

"Hurried lunch?" said Hampton. "Took her rifle, did she?"

His eyes had grown very serious as he stared down into Mrs. Simpson's concerned face.

"Send Jose to me," was what he said next.

"Aren't you afraid, Mr. Hampton?" she exclaimed, picturing to herself this pleasant young gentleman at death-grips with the sombre Jose. However, she obeyed and called Jose, whom Hampton merely sent to the men's quarters with word for Carson and Lee to come to the house. Mrs. Simpson, witnessing the bloodless meeting from the hallway, was a little relieved and very much disappointed.

Hampton strode up and down the office, the frown gathering upon his usually smooth brows. Plainly if something had happened to Judith the present responsibility lay upon his shoulders as next in authority.

"Here I am," announced Carson briefly. "What is it?"

"I am a little worried, Carson," said Hampton, "about Miss Sanford.'

"Huh?" grunted the old cattleman.

"Judith hasn't put in an appearance and it's growing late," continued Hampton hastily. "I'm afraid——"

"Afraid? Afraid of what? You don't think she eloped with your Jap or stole the spoons, do you?" snapped Carson. He had been interrupted at the crucial point in a game of cribbage with Poker Face and the cattleman's weak spot was cribbage. He glared at Hampton belligerently.

"Where is Lee?" questioned Hampton sharply. "I told Jose I wanted the two of you. Why didn't he come?"

"Dunno," answered Carson, still without interest. "I ain't seen him. Wasn't in for supper——"

"I tell you," cried Hampton, angry at Carson's quiet acceptance of facts which to him were darkly significant, "he, too, was out with his rifle today; I saw him myself. Now he fails to show up! Don't you see what all this points to?"

Carson, who seldom lost his poise with one-half of his brain still given over to the hand he meant to play with Poker Face, merely sighed and shook his head.

"I'm real busy down at the bunkhouse, Mr. Hampton," at last came his quiet answer, "where me an' Poker Face is figuring out something important. As for worrying about a man like Bud Lee or a girl like Judy, why, I just ain't going to do it a-tall. Most likely if you'll call up the Lower End——"

"I've done it!" Whirling in his impatient stride across the room, Hampton came swiftly to Carson's side. "They're not there. They left the Lower End this afternoon and came on here. Then, both armed, they rode away again at 4 or 5 o'clock. I tell you, man, something has happened to them."

"Don't believe it," retorted Carson. "Not for one little half-minute, I don't. What's to happen? Huh?"

"You know as well as I do what sort of characters are about. The man who robbed Charlie Miller—who shot at Bud Lee——"

"Whoa!" grinned Carson. "Don't you go and fool yourself. That stick-up gent is a clean hundred miles from here right now an' still going real lively. If any other jasper lent him a hand; why, he's on his way, too. Not stooping to pick flowers. It's the way them kind plays the game."

Carson was so cheerfully certain, so amused at the thought of Bud Lee and Judith Sanford requiring anybody's assistance, so confident concerning the methods of outlaws, that finally Hampton sent him away, half assured, and went himself to his friends in the living-room. Here he found the major and Mrs. Langworthy reading and yawning. Marcia laughed at a jest of Farris, while Rogers sought to interest her in himself. The every-day, homelike atmosphere had its effect in allaying his picturesque fears. Hampton noted how her handful of days in the country had done Marcia a world of good, putting fresh, warm color in her rather pale cheeks, breeding a new sparkle in her eyes. She was good to look upon.

He let half an hour slip by in restless inactivity. For, no matter what Carson might say or these people in here do, Judith had not yet come in. When Marcia addressed a bright remark to him, he started and stammered: "I beg your pardon!" They laughed at him, saying that Pollock Hampton was growing absent-minded in his old age. But their banter failed to reach him; he was telling himself that some accident might have befallen one or both of two persons whom he frankly admired for their efficiency.

By half-past 8 they had caught his uneasiness. At every little sound they turned expectantly. Still no Judith. Mrs. Simpson, comfortable woman that she was, came in, bustling with apprehension. Mrs. Langworthy shook off for a little her listlessness and recounted how she had watched "that girl" riding like a wild Indian toward the Upper End. Perhaps her gun had gone off accidentally.

"Or," she concluded with a touch of venom, "it wouldn't be above her to run off with that long horse foreman."

"Eh?" said the major. "Don't believe it. A fine fig—ahem. Where should she run to? And why run at all?"

Marcia looked a quick distress to Mr. Hampton.

"It is late," she said timidly. "Oh, Pollock! Do you think——"

NO LONGER to be restrained, Hampton left them and went to his room for a rifle and cartridge-belt. He intended to slip out quietly, feeling that he would get from Farris and Rogers only the sort of disbelief he had gotten from Carson. Marcia met him in the hall; she had heard his quick steps and guessed that he was going out. Now clearly, tho she was frightened, she was delighted with him. He had never thrilled her like this before. She had never guessed that Pollock Hampton could be so stern-faced, so purposeful. She whispered an entreaty that he be careful, then as he went out, ran back to the others, her eyes shining.

"Pollock is going to see what is the matter," she announced excitedly. Whereat Mrs. Langworthy stared at her and then indicated facially her supreme disgust. The major suggested taking something, the occasion so plainly demanding it.

Hampton passed swiftly thru the courtyard. He saw the light of the bunkhouse gleaming brightly. On his way down the knoll he came upon Tommy Burkitt.

"Is it Mr. Hampton?" asked Tommy, coming close in the darkness to peer at him.

"Yes. What is it? Who are you?"

"I'm Burkitt, Tommy Burkitt, you know—Bud Lee's helper. I am afraid something has happened. Lee hasn't come in yet; they tried to pick him off once already, you know——"

"Neither has Miss Sanford come in," said Hampton quickly, sensing here at last a fear that was fellow to his own. "They rode toward the Upper End. You know the way, Burkitt?"

He moved on toward the corral; Burkitt turned and came with him.

"Sure I know the trail," muttered Tommy. "You're goin' to see what's wrong with 'em? Miss Judy, too! My God——"

"Bring out a couple of horses," Hampton commanded crisply. "We've lost time enough already."

"I'll go tell Carson an' the boys——"

"I have already told Carson. He says it's all nonsense. Leave him alone."

Tommy, boy that he was, asked no further questions, but ran ahead and brought out two horses. In a twinkling he had saddled them, and the two riders, each with a rifle across his arm, were hurrying over the mountain trail.

In the blackness which lay along the upper river Hampton gave his horse a free rein and let it follow at Tommy's heels. The roar of the lashing water, the pounding of shod hoofs, the whining creak of saddle-leather were the only sounds coming to them out of the night. When, finally, they drew rein under the cliffs at the lake's edge all was silent save for the faint distant booming of the river below them.

"Now which way?" whispered Hampton, his voice eloquent of suppressed excitement and eagerness.

Tommy was shaking his head in uncertainty when suddenly from above there came to them the sharp report of a rifle. Then, like a bundle of firecrackers, a volley of half a dozen staccato shots.

"Listen to that, Burkitt," muttered Hampton. "They're at it now—we're on time——"

Tommy slipped from the saddle wordlessly, came to Hampton's side and tugged gently at his leg, whispering for him to get down. Leaving their horses there, they slipped into the utter darkness of the narrow chasm in the rocks which gave access to the plateau above.

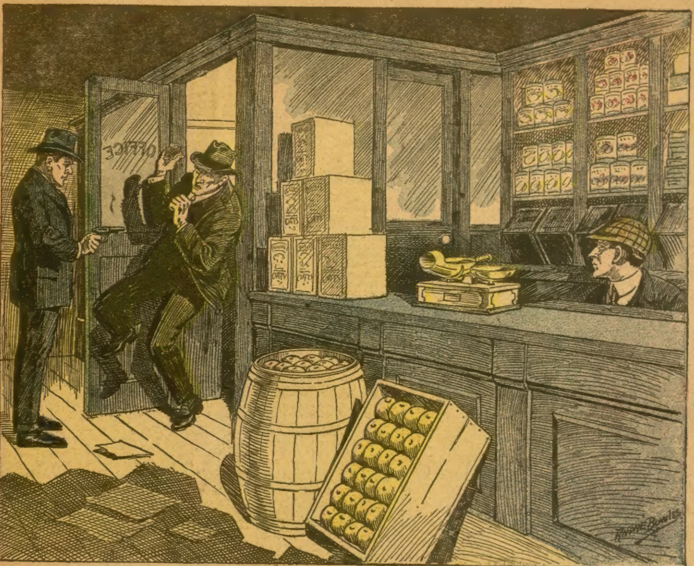
"Now," cautioned Tommy guardedly, as they came to the top, "keep close to me if you don't want to take a header about a thousand feet. Look!" He nudged Hampton and pointed. "There are two horses across yonder; Bud's an' Miss Judy's, most likely."

Hampton did not see them, did not seek to see them. Something new, vital, big, had swept suddenly into his life. He was at grips first-hand with unmasked, pulsing forces. A tremor went thru him and he was not ashamed of it; for it was not the quaking of fear, but the thrill in the blood of a man who, plucked from a round of social artificialities, finds himself with the smell of burnt powder in his nostrils and who feels a swift eagerness for what may lie just yonder waiting for him. "They're at it now!" he whispered to Burkitt. Men—yes, and a girl—were shooting, not at just wooden and paper targets, but at other men! At men who shot back, and shot to kill.

"Listen," said Burkitt. "Somebody's in the old cabin; somebody's outside. Which is which? We got to be awful careful."

They began a slow, cautious approach, slipping from bush to bush, from tree to tree, standing motionless now and then to frown into the folds of the night's curtains. Abruptly the firing ceased. They made out vaguely the two forms of the attackers, having located them a moment ago by the spurting flames from their guns. Then, "Got enough in there?" came the snarling voice of Quinnion. "If you haven't, I'm

(Continued on Page 21.)



The Man Drew Back at Sight of the "Weapon. "Your Game's Up, Lancaster," Said the Man the Clerk Recognized as the Mysterious Cole.

Saturday the Fifteenth

By Charles T. Jordan

FOR six weeks Habberton had resorted to one subterfuge after another in his quest for the combination of the office safe. But every ruse had failed. Not that Mr. Wheeler, proprietor of the Green Front Grocery Store, had the slightest inkling of his clerk's intent. Habberton was too cautious for that. He took good care to conduct his secret investigations during the noon hour, when the office was empty and the other store employes were out to lunch. But his investigations had netted him nothing. He was no wiser as to the necessary manipulation of the dial than he had been when he started.

"Wheeler trusts me as he would his own son," mused the man three years employed in the largest grocery establishment in Alderon. "Yet he never opens the strong box when I'm around."

It was twenty minutes past twelve, and save for Finley, who was unpacking canned goods in the storeroom, Habberton was alone in the big store. Wheeler employed five clerks and a bookkeeper, aside from two delivery men, but there never was any business to speak of at the noon hour.

Even as Habberton mused, the safe's door hung open before him, and the old-fashioned compartments of its interior lay exposed. Alone in the glass-enclosed office, he could do as he willed with its contents. But that wasn't Habberton's idea. Perhaps two or three hundred dollars could be his by the mere act of helping himself to it. But how long would he be able to retain it in his possession? Its loss would assuredly be discovered within an hour or two, and suspicion would naturally fall on himself or Finley—the only two employes on duty at the one possible time that the theft could be committed.

No, that wouldn"t do at all. And yet—Franklin Habberton found his thoughts lingering on the stock of Imperial brand condensed milk that had been laid in months ago. Canvassers hired by the manufacturer had scoured the country about, trying to create a demand for the new product. But their efforts had amounted to little. Somehow the stock had refused to move. What the Green Front had left of it occupied about two feet of space on the next-to-top shelf of the canned goods section. And Habberton recalled that the rear cans of the display did not reach the wall by a matter of five or six inches.

"I could help myself now, and hide what I get behind those cans of Imperial milk," he mused. "I'd be suspected, of course; but old Wheeler could search me till the end of time and never find the evidence on me. Then, when things quiet down, I could walk out of the store at quitting time some afternoon with the money in my pocket, and no one would ever be the wiser!"

There seemed to be some merit in the plan. It called for acting, tho; and Habberton was none too certain as to his histrionic ability. "Would I be able to bluff it out convincingly?" he wondered.

This pegging along as a grocery clerk, at twenty dollars a week, wasn't all it had appeared to be when Habberton had taken the job. He had been out of work for several months, and at the time it had looked mighty good to him.

But soon he had learned that it was almost futile to look for advancement. Twenty a week he had been offered when Mr. Wheeler hired him. Twenty a week he was receiving today. Business had been good at the Green Front. Few accounts were carried, and the establishment had prospered materially during the three years Habberton had worked there. To him it seemed rank injustice that better wages were not paid.

Twice he had asked for an increase, but Wheeler had merely laughed away his demands. "Young man, you're lucky to have a job at all, these times," his employer had remarked on both occasions; and Habberton realized that what Wheeler said was true to some extent. Despite the fact that the Green Front had hardly felt the financial slump at all, other lines of endeavor were not weathering the dull times so easily. And the clerk could see the reason. A high-class business on a cash basis, with customers the bulk of whom could afford to spend despite the times, was bound to have a considerable advantage over competitors who were forced, by the class of their trade, to extend liberal credit.

Perhaps the only reason why Franklin Habberton gave such things a thought was the fact that they exercised some influence on the plan he had fully determined to consummate at the first favorable opportunity. He had wished, more than once, that the Green Front's were not a cash business. Receipts were divided up too much over the week. Whereas, in a credit business, with a host of accounts receivable at the end of the month, there would be more of a possibility that the office safe would contain a worth while haul occasionally.

At that moment Habberton's thoughts were interrupted. He had taught himself to recognize the first faint creaking of the store door hinges, and that sound was what fell upon his ear drums now. Noiselessly he slipped from the glass-inclosed office, and behind the main counter. To one entering the store, it would appear that he had been there before the door opened, for a metal vegetable rack cut off a view of the office door from the store's main entrance.

Mechanically he produced a dollar bag of sugar and a square of butter, and just as mechanically he rang up the proper amount on the cash register. He waited until the customer had departed, and assured by the steady clanking of the nail puller that Finley was still busy in the storeroom and not apt to interrupt him, Habberton returned to the office.

"If Wheeler'd only let some hint fall as to the combination," he murmured, "it would be duck soup. I've tried his street number, the year of his birth, and everything else I could think of, but there's nothing doing. As for opening the old strong-box by the sense of touch—well, maybe some folks can work that gag, but I know mighty well that I can't."

He critically viewed the large, old-fashioned safe's interior. "It's got to be done somehow, tho," he muttered. "And on a Saturday."

He had realized for some time that it must be on a Saturday. That was the day that Tobias Winslow had indelibly stamped on the young man's mind. Who Winslow was, or what he did, concerned Franklin Habberton little, if at all. But one thing he did know, from personal observation, and an acutely trained pair of ears.

Not a Saturday afternoon has passed, during the last six months, that Winslow had not driven up to the store, at about half past five, and requested Mr. Wheeler, the proprietor, to place in his safe until Monday morning, the small but swollen looking leather wallet he invariably took from an inner breast pocket.

"Been out collecting, Jed," Habberton had heard him say time after time. "But I couldn't get back to town a minute earlier. The bank's closed, and I don't like to keep this much money in the house over the week-end. I know you won't mind taking care of it for me."

And always Wheeler had complied with his request, for Tobias Winslow was a good customer, and an old friend.

It was upon the constant repetition of this weekly episode that Habberton had constructed his plan. But up to now there had been one vital element lacking—the combination of the safe. Without that essential, how was he to profit by the fact that Winslow made Wheeler his banker over week-ends?

But there must be some way around it, he reasoned, as he had reasoned many times before. And this noon, as he peered at the inside of the safe's thick, iron door, a possible solution of his problem began to take form in the back of his mind.

He leaned forward, examined the safe's interior more carefully than he ever had before. "By George!" he ejaculated. "As simple as that—and to think it never occurred to me before! Why, it will be as easy as—And it will be a whole lot safer! It will allow me more time for my getaway. Winslow's wad amounts to something. I heard him tell Wheeler there was close to three thousand dollars in the wallet one time——"

For a second time that noon the creaking of the street door broke in upon his musing. Again he silently retreated from the office and nonchalantly took his position behind the counter. It was well for Habberton that he reached his point of safety as soon as he did, for the man who had entered the store was Walter Wheeler, his employer.

A dark-complexioned man, a stranger to Habberton, accompanied his employer in, and the clerk could not help noticing that Wheeler seemed considerably perturbed. "I'm sure you're on the wrong track," Habberton heard his protest. "It's money and nothing else that Winslow leaves with me."

"You've actually seen the contents of

his wallet?" questioned the darker man.

"Many a time On Monday morning Winslow always orders a lot of groceries, and he invariably pays for them with a bill from his wallet. I've seen him take out a roll that must have amounted to two or three thousand dollars. No, Mr. Harper, you must be mistaken."

At that stage of the conversation they entered the office, and Wheeler closed the door. Habberton could hear no more. But the little that had trickled to his ears had whetted his interest. "What in the deuce could that fellow have been getting at?" he wondered. "Does Winslow come by his money in some tricky fashion? Well, I should worry—just so he comes by it. Two or three thousand dollars! That'll mean something to me. And next Saturday, Mr. Wheeler," he silently apostrophized the man who paid his wages, "will be my last day in Alderon. And when I go, Mr. Winslow's deposit goes with me!"

The afternoon passed slowly for Franklin Habberton. He waited on customers perfunctorily, but with his mind always on the thing he was planning. Toward closing time, he glanced up at the calendar. "Wednesday, April twelfth," he remarked. "Three days to wait—almost eighty hours. But Sunday, the sixteenth, I wonder how far from here I'll be?"

II.

THE stranger he had observed entering the office with Mr. Wheeler had stayed about an hour, and when he departed Habberton had overheard his employer say: "Good-by, Mr. Cole." The clerk wondered just what Cole's status was. He saw no more of him that day, or the next, or Friday. Nor did he dream that he ever would see him under the peculiar circumstances that eventuated. But, then, few can forecast the future.

Saturday morning dawned cloudy. A light rain fell as Habberton plodded along the driveway leading to the back door of the grocery establishment he was planning to rob. It was only one of the disagreeable components of his daily routine, this coming early by the back way and opening up the store. But this morning he was rather glad that it formed a portion of his everyday work. For in his back trouser pocket reposed a long screwdriver that he had no desire to carry with him all day.

Alone in the store, before unlocking the front portal, he found a very favorable opportunity to hide the implement, for the time being, behind the single tier of cans forming the Imperial milk display.

He set the vegetable rack in place, and trucked in a couple of boxes of bread left in the alley drive at the rear of the store. Soon the rest of the force arrived, and the day was under way, full swing.

Alderon is a town of only a few thousand souls, and even on Saturday nights the Green Front kept open only until 7 o'clock. But Saturday forenoon was the one time each week when trade was really brisk. Farmers arrived from out of town, and—well, Saturday's Saturday, almost everywhere.

But at last the noon hour arrived, and Habberton's manner became subtly altered. In less than half an hour, perhaps, his chance would arrive, and he must be prepared to make the most of the few minutes the putting into practice of his scheme required.

Already the bookkeeper had left, and Wheeler had been nowhere in sight the last hour. Soon the clerks would set out for lunch; then he and Finley would be alone. And Finley had his work laid out for him in the storeroom.

But the store did not clear as rapidly as Habberton had hoped it might. Straggling customers came in, purchased leisurely, and took their time about leaving. It was 15 minutes past 12 before the clerk found himself alone.

A few seconds of listening convinced him that Finley was hard at work, then he hastened to the street door and glanced up and down the sidewalk. Satisfied that the street was practically deserted, he felt that he could count on five or six minutes of uninterrupted time.

He secured the screwdriver and quietly hurried into the glass-sided office with it. As usual, the ponderous safe door stood open. A glance into it revealed a neat little packet of small denomination bills, secured by a rubber band. For a few seconds Habberton hesitated. Why not secure them, as well as what Winslow was sure to deposit with Wheeler in the afternoon?

But reason came to his rescue. Why risk detection at this stage of the game? He might get away with it, and he might not. But the Winslow funds—as he saw it, there was little likelihood of their loss being discovered till late Monday, or even Tuesday. No, he'd stick by the original plan.

Six screws held the inner plate of the safe door in place, and Habberton marveled at the ease and speed with which he could unscrew them. In less than two minutes he had them laid gingerly on the bookkeeper's desk. A second later he lowered the inner plate of the safe door to the floor and leaned it against the desk.

Tho not familiar with safe construction, he found it an easy matter to read the present combination in the simple mechanism inside the hollow door. It was of the concentric disc type, and the numbers lay in a vertical line beneath the pointer.

But Habberton's intent was not merely to learn the present combination. He had planned more subtly than that. He would change the combination entirely!

Then, when Mr. Wheeler should essay to open his strong box Monday morning, he assuredly would run against a snag. He would have to call in an expert. And Habberton felt reasonably certain that an expert was not to be obtained much short of San Francisco—a six-hour trip, and only one train a day.

He saw no reason why he should complicate the new combination, so he turned the discs so that the numbers, "1-2-3-4" lay in that order beneath the indicator.

He smiled to himself at the utter simplicity of the whole thing. It amused him to think that he had tried in vain for so long to learn the combination, when the means was right under his hand. With the door secured, it was of course a difficult task. But having access to it while open, with only a half-dozen easily turned screws hiding the secret, was a different matter. And the beauty of it was that Wheeler would never suspect that it had been tampered with at all, until too late. Wheeler would lock it as usual before leaving and wouldn't think of it again till Monday. And by Monday Habberton could be a good many miles away.

Grasping the plate leaning against the desk, Habberton was about to lift it into place again, when a flurry of fear surged thru him at recognition of a familiar sound. Some one was coming into the store! If he should be seen in the office, even by a casual customer, with the safe's door in its present condition, there was no telling what might happen.

Striving to conceal his distress he scurried out of the office, and endeavored to assume a nonchalant air to greet whomever he might have to face. He was intensely relieved on discovering that his customer was a mere child—not tall enough to see over the solid lower paneling of the office door. He attended her wants in short order.

A glimpse at the clock warned him that he mustn't waste a second now. So, fervently praying that he might not be interrupted again, he sailed into the task of replacing the inner door plate. He felt genuinely thankful when the final screw was driven home, and he had placed the safe door at just the angle at which it had hung when he began.

Finley was still pounding away in the storeroom. There was little danger now. He could afford to walk leisurely to the shelf of condensed milk and deposit his screwdriver in the improvised cubbyhole. It could remain there forever, so far as he was concerned. He had no further use for it.

He walked again to the street door, and seeing few people in the vicinity, he decided to ascertain how well the new combination worked. Returning to the office and locking the safe, he found that it required only a few seconds to make the necessary manipulations. Highly pleased, he went to the back of the store and conversed with Finley, who was opening his last box of tomatoes.

When Habberton returned from lunch, he found that Wheeler had arrived, and all afternoon, whenever there was a letup in the routine of waiting on customers, an irresistible impulse made him hazard a glance in the direction of the office. But always he discovered that Wheeler was absorbed in his work. No use worrying about him, he decided. "Why, he wouldn't tumble in a thousand years!" he put it.

Tobias Winslow was a little later than usual this Saturday, and his nonarrival caused the clerk some perturbation. But at quarter past six the familiar sound of his out-of-date machine became audible, and Habberton was reassured.

Winslow rapped at the office door, and Habberton could see that Wheeler greeted his arrival with not quite his usual cordiality. But Winslow didn't seem to notice anything amiss. "Late as usual," he chuckled, "and the same old favor to ask of you, Wheeler. I know I'm a pest, but I'm sure you won't mind keeping this till Monday for me."

Wheeler took the bulging wallet the other offered, and Hibberton decided on the spot that it was a sight for sore eyes. He immediately fell to speculating on how much it might contain. Eagerly he watched his employer step to the safe with it; then Winslow approached his counter to make a couple of trivial purchases.

At 7 o'clock the street door was closed, and the men received their wages. At 7:05, Habberton heaved his most relieved sigh of the day. Wheeler had closed the safe door and was putting on his hat.

"It's an absolute go!" the young man silently ejaculated, as he started for his boarding-house. "Not a single hitch! In a few hours I'll possess more money than I've ever owned in my life, and a thousand miles from here, where I'm not known; a man who has a thousand or so in cold cash can do a lot of things!"

III.

FRANKLIN HABBERTON repressed his elation at supper, and when he had eaten he informed his landlady in private that he would not be there for his meals Sunday. He was going out of town, he informed her, and would change his clothes at the store Monday morning. That saved a lot of explaining, for he figured that he could get all of his belongings that were worth taking into a single suitcase. Shortly after 8 he left the house with it dragging at his side.

Alderon doesn't boast a very elaborate electric-lighting system. Hence Habberton experienced little difficulty in arriving at the mouth of the alley drive leading to the back door of the Green Front without being noticed. Tho it had ceased raining earlier in the day, the sky was murky, and nothing suited him better at that hour than darkness.

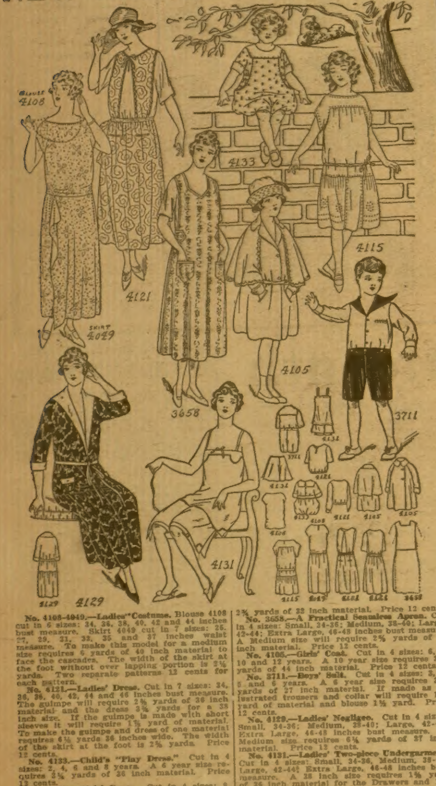
Letting himself in at the back door with his own key, Habberton closed the door behind him and heard the spring lock click. A moment's feeling along a narrow shelf to the left, and he had found a pocket flashlight. Its disc of light revealed an empty canned tomato case, into which he lowered his heavy suitcase.

Tho he had no intention of beginning his operations until an hour late enough to insure the practical desertion of Hayes street, on which the Green Front opened, he had thought it wise to arrive at his destination at as early an hour as possible. He tiptoed from the storeroom into the store proper, and risked a single flash of his light behind the long counter at whose far end was the office.

Not fifteen feet from where he stood its ray pointed out a large bread crate which half-obstructed the passage. "I'd have got an awful whanging if I'd bumped into that in the dark!" he muttered, as he started toward it.

Reaching before him in the murk, he found its top, and gingerly seated him-

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



No. 4108-4049.—Ladies' Costume. Blouse 4108 cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Skirt 4049 cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. To make this model for a medium size requires 6 yards of 40 inch material to face the cascades. The width of the skirt at the foot without over lapping portion is 2½ yards. Two separate patterns 12 cents for each pattern.

No. 4121.—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The guimpe will require 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material and the dress 3¾ yards for a 38 inch size. If the guimpe is made with short sleeves it will require 1⅞ yard of material. To make the guimpe and dress of one material requires 6½ yards 36 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2⅝ yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 4133.—Child's "Play Dress." Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 4115.—Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 2⅝ yards of 32 inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 3658.—A Practical Seamless Apron. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 4105.—Girls' Coat. Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 3⅜ yards of 44 inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 3711.—Boys' Suit. Cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 6 year size requires 3⅜ yards of 27 inch material. If made as illustrated trousers and collar will require 1⅞ yard of material and blouse 1½ yard. Price 12 cents.

No. 4129.—Ladies' Negligee. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 6¼ yards of 27 inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 4131.—Ladies' Two-piece Undergarment. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36, Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 1⅝ yard of 36 inch material for the Drawers and 1⅝ yard for the Chemise. Price 12 cents.

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self upon it. "As good a place to wait as any," he decided.

He sat facing the counter, almost directly in front of one of the cash registers. Behind him, a little further toward the rear of the store, was the shelf on which the Imperial condensed milk was displayed. But Habberton wasn't thinking of that slow-moving stock, or the screwdriver he had cached behind it. That already lay in the dead past. His mind was intent on the task that still lay ahead.

By leaning forward and peering to the left, he could easily discern the passersby on Hayes street, thru the glass of the wide front door. "I'd be a fool to start anything this early in the evening," he decided. "Alderon's night hawks are altogether too numerous. My flash would be seen in the office sure as guns, and I'd have the whole police force down on me in no time—all two of them!" he sarcastically added.

"I'll risk a cigarette, tho," he murmured. And turning his back on the street scene, he lighted one. "As long as I keep myself between the street door and the spark on the end of this pill, I'm perfectly safe."

He had taken three or four leisurely inhalations, when a sound reached his ears which caused him to drop the cigarette in haste and grind out its telltale point of fire under his heel. Cautiously he wheeled to get a glimpse of the door.

"What the mischief?" he exclaimed in alarm, as a dark figure silhouetted itself against the glass door panel.

A key turned in the lock, and in genuine dismay Franklin Habberton ducked down behind the bread crate. His breath coming in short, soft gasps, he strained his ears.

The door creaked ever so slightly on its hinges, but the sound did not escape the man crouching behind the counter. His glimpse of the person at the door had been ever so brief, and he had been able to discern only an outline, owing to the darkness within the store. But he was absolutely certain that the figure he had seen was not that of the one man with authority to enter the Green-Front when he willed—Walter Wheeler.

Wheeler was not a short man. Besides, Wheeler would have entered boldly—not stealthily, as this person was doing. "Who on earth can it be?" the agitated Habberton asked himself, as a soft click announced that the door was closed again.

A few seconds silence, then the sound of cautiously taken steps became audible. At first Habberton believed that the intruder was coming directly toward him, and consternation seized him. Did the other suspect his presence? Had that one gleam of his flashlight been seen by some one outside?

An even more disheartening explanation seized upon him for a moment. Was it possible that his meddling with the safe had in some manner been discovered? And was the newcomer here for the purpose of trapping him? The thought sent a dull, frozen feeling zigzagging along his backbone.

Then he experienced his first sense of relief. The footsteps were not approaching him, but were retreating, toward the other side of the store. "He doesn't know I'm here! I'll bank on it! But what is he here for? And how long is he going to stay? I begin to wish I hadn't started this."

The sound of the retreating footsteps ceased. No doubt the intruder had reached his objective. Habberton was certain of it, a little later, at the sound of a soft scratch and the unmistakable hiss of an igniting match. "That cinches it!" breathed Habberton. "He'd never have lighted a smoke if he dreamed that he wasn't alone. But what he's up to gets me. There's nothing but a lot of crockery in that part of the store."

And the startled clerk's puzzlement was in no wise abated as the minutes passed. Not even the sound of the mysterious stranger's breathing reached him. From the looks of things, whoever he might be, he was there to wait.

"It's a good thing for me that I arrived first!" Habberton commented under his breath. "If I'd come poking in without knowing he was here, I'd have been in dutch sure. But I'm not out of deep water by a long shot. It all depends on how long he stays. It's a cinch I can't afford to make the slightest move. I've got to take my cue by what he does."

A depressing, mystery-charged hour

(Concluded on Page 19.)

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Hapwell's Experiment

By Ernest Kent Coulter

DICK HAPWELL insane—the sparkling Dick! This took my breath. The pudgy little doctor, who had trotted out to meet the station wagon as it wheeled up to the door, had, in response to anxious inquiries, informed me that this was a private madhouse and that Hapwell was one of its worst patients. He might as well have told me that my old friend was dead. A uniformed attendant had led the way thru a wide hallway, at the far end of which frowned a massive iron door, and up a flight of stairs to a big and very comfortably furnished front room. Here I waited. The little doctor had gone to the wards—out somewhere behind that ominous iron door—to see what Hapwell's condition was. Perhaps they would not let me see him at all—perhaps I would find him in a strait-jacket. What a transition!

Hapwell, the last time I had seen him, was the center of a mirthful, glass-clinking storm. That was at his farewell bachelor dinner, seven months before. The business which had called me abroad had spared me the sad service of ushering him out of his bachelordom. Sad, because I firmly believed that Dick was putting a millstone about his neck when he took a wife. The wife, as a matter of fact, did the taking. The golden-crowned Dorothy Randolph Mix, after wearing her weeds for two years decorously and in a manner that was altogether becoming to her beauty, had suddenly conceived a passion for Hapwell and carried him off, bag and baggage. She never did anything by halves. She was an imperious, masterful woman. Dick, some had said, had not proposed at all, but had consented to transfer his monogram to the livery of the late Artemus merely to be obliging. There was no more accommodating fellow in the world.

But surely all this had nothing to do with his present affliction. His note, which had been handed to me a few hours before with the other mail that had accumulated in my absence, gave no hint of an unbalanced mind.

"Laid up at Elmdale Hospital," he wrote. "Keep this quiet and runout as soon as possible." Nothing more about himself.

My journey out Long Island had been filled with all sorts of speculations as to his probable trouble. Alcoholism was out of the question in his case. There was no one of my entire acquaintance who had a more rugged physique or a more sanguine temperament than he. I had finally settled it that it was a bone badly cracked by a polo mallet—he was a daring player. Insanity never occurred to me. Poor Dick!

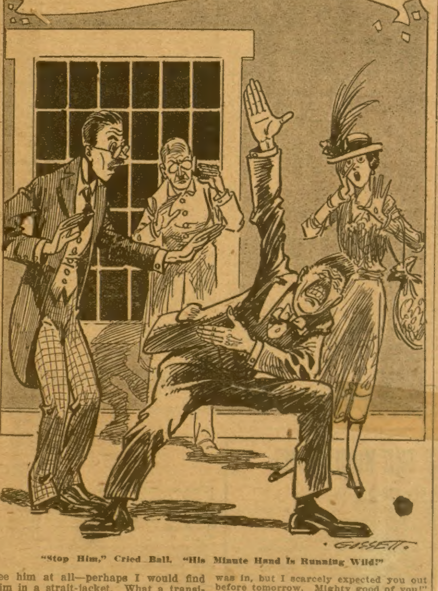
"A glorious day for a ride, Doctor!" A well-known voice in the hall interrupted my melancholy meditations. Another moment, and Dick Hapwell had burst into the room and was wringing my hand.

"Hello, Ransome, old man!" he cried ecstatically. "Bully glad to see you. European travel certainly agrees with you. Saw by the paper that your boat was in, but I scarcely expected you out before tomorrow. Mighty good of you!"

He tossed an automobile cap and a pair of eye-shields upon a table. I swiftly searched his face for an indication of his malady. Apparently it was the same hale and hearty Hapwell of old.

"Awfully sorry to hear that you are under the weather, Dick," I said, some-

(Continued on Page 25.)



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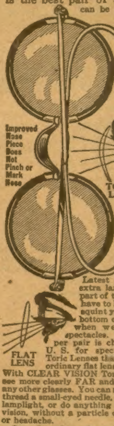
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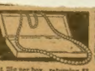

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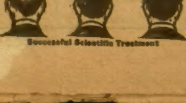

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A Page *for the* Woman *in the* Home

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Grape Fruit
Griddle Cakes Maple Sirup
Country Sausage
Coffee

DINNER.

Cream of Spinach Soup
Boiled Ham Stewed Tomatoes
Creamed Potatoes
Celery Salad
Prune Whip

SUPPER.

Stuffed Cabbage
Apple Sauce Bread and Butter
Tea

Griddle Cakes.

2 cups flour.
3 teaspoons baking powder.
1½ cups milk.
2 eggs.
¼ cup melted butter.
¼ teaspoon salt.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the milk and beaten eggs. Beat well. Add the butter, beat again and bake by spoonfuls on a hot griddle.

Stuffed Cabbage.

1 cabbage.
2 ounces fat, salt port.
2 ounces tender beef.
2 tablespoons butter.
2 egg yolks.
1 teaspoon salt.
1 teaspoon parsley.
1 teaspoon minced onion.
Few grains cayenne.
1 French roll.

Parboil cabbage till thoroly wilted, drain and cool; unfold leaf by leaf, until the heart is reached. Chop the tender leaves. Soak the roll in milk and press dry. Beat the egg and bread together, add the creamed butter and work in the meat, cabbage and seasoning. Form into a ball and place in the cabbage head. Refold the leaves and bake three to four hours, basting with butter and water. Serve on a round, hot platter with the gravy from the pan.

Cream of Spinach Soup.

Save water in which spinach was cooked the day before, with at least a half-cup of left over spinach. Boil down the water to about a cup. Press spinach thru a sieve. Make a white sauce of two [illegible] and one cup of the spinach water. When smooth add spinach mixture and season with salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg if desired.

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

A COLLECTION of Cubist and Post-impressionistic Art which belonged to the late Arthur J. Eddy is being shown to the public at present. The collection is being greeted on every hand with ridicule, derision and mockery. "The men who painted these must be crazy." "So that's supposed to be the bust of a man? Gosh! When I had the flu I never saw things as bad as that!" "Where'd they get these? In an asylum?" are remarks heard very often about the galleries where these things are being exhibited.

How far right these real criticisms are (for the best critic is the vast public which we all strive to please, whether in writing, painting or making music)—how far these real criticisms are right is perhaps demonstrated by an occurrence which became known merely because of the tragic outcome of the incident. It is as follows: E. M. Manigault who painted what is called "The Clown" of this collection, determined to do without food so that, crazed by hunger, he could produce a Post-impressionistic masterpiece. According to the bulletin issued by the Art Institute, Manigault intended to transform the things he saw, while starving, to his canvas. But the poor—I can't think of a name for him—starved himself to death! It happened last September in San Francisco.

I have seriously asked several people who pride themselves upon being up in things cubistic and post-impressionistic just what the intention in these strange paintings is. The nearest I got to a rational answer was that the angles at which lines are put make for an emotion in the breast of the observer which emotion depends upon the exact angle of the lines, and that curves make for still other, but gentler emotions and that the composite of these emotions are the same emotions one should get when one sees the incident the picture is named after! For instance, that famous pandemonium of angles called "Nude Descending the Stair" is, according to my most rational informant, a cluster of angles and curves that create the exact emotions in the breast which would be created by watching a nude descend the stairs; at any rate, the emotions that were created in the artist when he watched a nude descend the stairs.

However, people whose emotions are so combustible that an angle will send them skyrocketing are, according to definition, morons! At least we all read that a moron is a person whose emotions are over-developed at the expense of his mentality. I cannot cite you an example of a moron. Manigault, however, was very foolish to starve himself to death, don't you think?

We are left wondering how many others have almost starved themselves to death and then made a "masterpiece?" We wonder what other drastic measures these good artists gone off at a tangent have resorted to; what canvases are the result of a hashish debauch, an opium dream, a scarlet fever delirium.

To me, a cubist, futurist or post-impressionist painting is an example of "composition" and "balance" pure and simple. But instead of making an interesting or beautiful subject the excuse for balance in the picture, they simply make balance its own reason for being and to show this thing called fine balance in a painting, they throw a lot of sticks and hoops into it and balance them! Who cares whether sticks and whoops are balanced or not? We want dreamy corners of rooms balanced; mystical, moon-frosted lawns; patrician and queenly faces; some real things and some idealized things; things as they are and things as we wish they were and as we once in a lifetime have seen them.

* * *

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

WITH THE FIRST CRANBERRIES

WHEN the first cranberries come, try some new ways of preparing them. They are, of course, always delicious in sauce or jelly, but they are so delicious in so many other ways that it is worth while trying them in these other ways.

Cranberry Pie.

Split a cupful of cranberries and mix with one cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of sifted flour rubbed smooth with half a cupful of water. Turn into a pie-tin lined with pastry, cover with an upper crust, and bake slowly in a moderate oven. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Candied Cranberries.

Use half as much sugar as berries and half as much water as sugar. Put the berries in a deep agate or porcelain dish, pour the sugar on top like a crust and the water on top of that. Cook very slowly. When they break into a boil, cover just a few moments —not long, or the skins will burst— then uncover and cook until tender. Take up carefully and spread on oiled plates to dry. These may be used instead of candied cherries.

Cranberry Jelly.

Wash and pick over the fruit, and to each quart of the fruit allow a cup of water. Cover and cook for ten minutes. Mash and strain thru a flannel bag. Return the pulp to the kettle, add two cups of sugar which has been heated in the oven, boil until it jellies on the edges, which will be in about ten minutes, and pour into molds or glasses for future use.

Cleaning Sewing Machine.

USE sewing machine oil on soft cloth to clean the wood parts of a sewing machine. It appears as if polished, also keeps the finish from cracking and makes it look like new. Or any good furniture polish will do.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts About It; Its History; Its Meaning; Whence It Was Derived; Your Lucky Day and Lucky Jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

CAROLINE

IT'S a curious fact that some heroes lose, rather than gain popularity, when their deeds are recorded in romance. Such was the case of the famous Karl of the Franks, who is responsible for the origin of the feminine name Caroline. The great Emperor has suffered at the hands of romantic chroniclers, but history preserved the memory of "Carlo Magno," and from his name came a long series of masculine and feminine proper names.

The first feminine translation known is Carlota. This name is synonomous with Charlotte in those early times, and indeed, Charlotte and the Caroline of today are almost interchangeable, if their origin is to be observed, no matter how separate and distinct they seem to be. Charlotte, or Charlota, of Savoy, married Louis XI. and introduced the name to French royalty. Charlotte d'Albret had the misfortune to be given in marriage to Cesare Borgia and had one daughter, who married into the House of La Tremouille whence the brave Lady Derby carried it into England.

The Huguenotism of that house connected it with the House of Bouillon whose heiress, Carola, or Charlotte, was married in 1588. There, the House of Orange derived it and it became known in Germany and was brought to England in its full popularity by the good queen of George III. It gained sentimental vogue and an international fame thru Geothe who chose the name for his heroine of "Werther."

The first Carolina was evolved in Italy but was quickly adopted by southern Germany and in turn brought to England by the wife of George II., who made it extremely popular among the nobility. America received it first thru the Carolinas (North and South) and its fame and popularity as a feminine proper name spread rapidly.

Caroline has numberless derivatives and contractions. England calls her Charlotte, Lotty, Chatty, Caroline and Carrie. In France she is Carolina, Charlotte and Lolótte. Carlota and Lola are purely Spanish and Carlotta and Carolina are the Italian versions. Germany preserves the original preference for Charlotte, Carolina and Lina.

Caroline's talismanic gem is the diamond. It promises her faithful love; if she is married, it will enhance the love of her husband, but it should never be purchased as it is only potent when it is a gift. Her lucky day is Saturday and 1 is her lucky number.

Next Week: AMY. Watch for It.

[illegible] AT THE RIGHT TIME

[illegible] D BE POPULAR

[illegible] friendly conversation as seldom as possible.

Don't proceed to give long and detailed accounts of your own ailments whenever any one asks you how you are.

Don't tell others the plots of plays, motion or others, or new novels that appeal to you.

Don't wear an amused smile when your friends are talking to you unless what they have to say is intended to amuse.

Don't always try to go others one better in what they have to say. If some one is telling you of the amount of work she has had to do don't say: "That's nothing compared to what I have had to do."

Don't boast of the considerateness and attentiveness of your husband before the woman whose husband is known to be neglectful.

Don't express drastic opinion or the subject of divorce, or remarriage of widows, adoption of children or other family questions among persons for whom your remarks might have a personal application.

Don't borrow a friend's umbrella to go home under during a shower and spend the rest of your life saying, "Oh, dear, I must bring that umbrella back!"

What Readers Ask.

"How should I begin a letter written to a young man friend with whom I have been going out a good deal but to whom I am not engaged? We are going to be separated for awhile, as I am going away, and he has asked me to write. He wrote me once and began the letter 'Dear, Friend.' Would this be a good way for me to begin?"

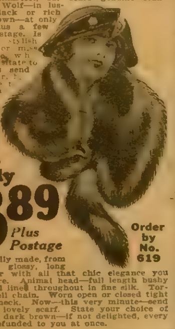
Do not use the form "Dear Friend" for any letter. If you call the young man by his first name begin your letters simply "Dear John," or "Dear Tom," or whatever his name may be. "My Dear John," is a little more formal tho in good form.

Other departments *of* interest *to* woman *and her* children will be found on pages 2, 8 and 26

EXTRA SPECIAL!

Gorgeous Fur Scarf Manchurian Wolf

Here's a bargain to startle keen buyers. The latest, smartest, fur scarf—genuine Manchurian Wolf—in lustrous black or rich dark brown—at only $3.89 plus a few cents postage. Is there a stylish woman or miss anywhere who could hesitate to have us send this big rich fur piece to her on approval?

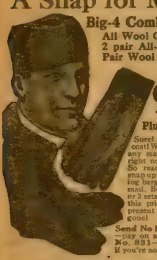


Price Cut to **Only $3.89** *Plus Postage*

Order by No. 619

Beautifully made, from lustrous, glossy, long silky fur with all that chic elegance you so admire. Animal head—full length bushy tail—and lined throughout in fine silk. Tortoise shell chain. Worn open or closed tight around neck. Now—this very minute—send for this lovely scarf. State your choice of black or dark brown—if not delighted, every penny refunded to you at once.

A Snap for Men



Big-4 Combination

All Wool Cap
2 pair All-Wool Sox
Pair Wool Gloves
all for

99c

Plus Postage

Sure! It's less than cost! Worth $2.00 of any man's money—right now only 99c. So reach out and snap up this astounding bargain by return mail. Better order 2 or 3 sets—no more at this price when our present supply is gone!

Send No Money Now—pay on arrival. Order **No. 831**—money back if you're not pleased.

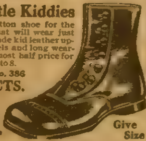
For Little Kiddies

A dandy button shoe for the little kids that will wear just fine. Good grade kid leather uppers. Low heels and long wearing soles. Almost half price for these! Sizes 3 to 8.

Order No. 386

98 CTS.

Plus Postage



Give Size

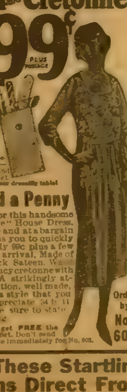
Sateen and Cretonne HOUSE DRESS 99c

PLUS POSTAGE

Read Our Special Offer

FREE

Beautiful Manicure Set



Act at once on this Special Offer and you get—*Free*—the beautiful and complete Manicure Set. Just what you need on your dressing table!

Don't Send a Penny

Send no money for this handsome "Winsome Winnie" House Dress. Now all the rage—and at a bargain price that beckons you to quickly send for one. Only 99c plus a few cents postage on arrival. Made of fine quality Black Sateen. Waist and pockets of fancy cretonne with sateen binding. A strikingly attractive combination, well made, serviceable, and a style that you will instantly appreciate. 34 to 44 Bust Measure. Be sure to state size when ordering.

Order at once and get **FREE** the Handsome Manicure Set. Don't send any money. Just write immediately for No. 603.

Order by No. 603

All Surplus Stocks at a

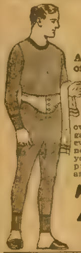
STARTLING DISCOUNT

Carload after Carload of Gordon Bates Co. Dependable Merchandise at Sweeping Reductions to clear Surplus Stocks at Once. Savings Unusual! Choose Quickly.

SEND NO MONEY WITH ORDER—PAY ON ARRIVAL

Money-savers for you! A whole page of startling bargains that beckon you to order quick at amazing discount prices that bring to you the greatest economy in years. We are clearing all surplus stocks—carload after carload of dependable Gordon Bates merchandise at sweeping reductions. Don't miss this opportunity. Order at once anything advertised here on the Gordon Bates guarantee of full and complete satisfaction, or every penny of your money returned at once without question or argument.

Do not trouble about sending even a penny with your order. Simply order what you wish by letter or postal card and we will forward immediately. Just pay the postman our discount price on arrival, plus postage. Then examine—inspect—compare with any other merchandise you have ever purchased at similar or even higher prices. You be the judge. If not delighted—if not positively pleased—do not hesitate a second to return goods to us and every penny of the purchase price, including postage, will go back to you at once.

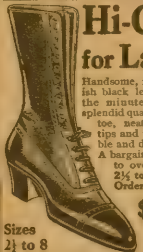


WOOL Underwear

A quick and lucky purchase of fine Wool Underwear, **made for the U. S. Army,** and manufactured under army specifications. Cheap if you paid $1.50 per garment, and you know it. Yet right now we're able to turn them over to our customers at 79c per garment. Sizes 34 to 46. Yes—every penny back at once if you're not pleased. Hurry your order if you want some at this price—probably **never again** to sell around this price.

79c Per Garment *Plus Postage*

Order Shirts by No. 570
Order Drawers by No. 571



Hi-Cuts for Ladies

Handsome, rich, kid finish black leather, up to the minute style and splendid quality. Medium toe, neat, perforated tips and vamp. Flexible and durable soles. A bargain far too good to overlook. Sizes 2½ to 8.

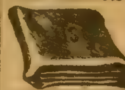
Order by No. 905.

$1.98

Sizes 2½ to 8

Plus Postage

U. S. Army All Wool Blankets $2.98



O. D. Khaki color, full size 66 x 84. Guaranteed perfect—your money back quick if you are not pleased. At this price, order your winter supply now. Order by Number 1200.

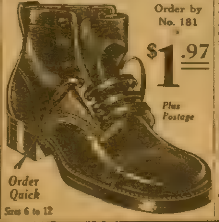
Army Work Shoes

Genuine Munson Last! Best grade wax veal leather, soft and pliable and guaranteed manure and acid proof. Double sewed seams. Double leather insoles. Best wearing leather soles. A rare bargain at our slashed price. Stock up Now while you can.

Order by No. 181

$1.97

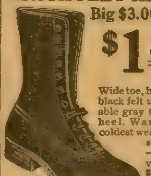
Plus Postage



Order Quick

Sizes 6 to 12

BLACK FELT HI-CUTS



Big $3.00 Values

$1.98

Wide toe, heavyweight black felt uppers. Durable gray felt sole and heel. Warm feet in coldest weather. Men's sizes 6 to 12—real $3.00 values—only $1.98.

Plus Postage

Order by No. 185

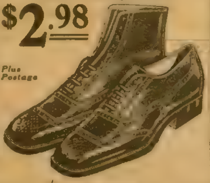
Men's Dress SHOES OR OXFORDS

Another super-value for men! Rich brown boarded side leather with fine leather soles. Goodyear stitched. Low pure rubber heels. New style French toe. Perforated vamp and uppers.

Sizes 6 x 12. Order shoes by No. 146.
Order Oxfords by No. 188.

$2.98

Plus Postage



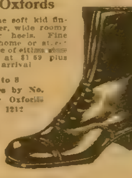
Ladies' Fine Comfort Shoes and Oxfords

Made of fine soft kid finished leather, wide roomy toe, rubber heels. Fine for either home or street wear. Choice of either shoe or oxfords at $1.69 plus postage on arrival.

Sizes 3 to 8

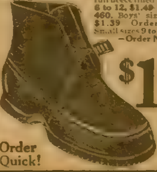
Order Shoes by No. 233. Order Oxfords by No. 1212

$1.69



Heavy 1-Buckle Arctics

Genuine gum rubber bottoms, cashmerette snow proof top and real heavy, single soles. They are full fleece lined. Men's sizes 6 to 12, $1.49—Order No. 460. Boys' sizes 1 to 6, $1.39. Order No. 461. Small sizes 9 to 13½, $1.29—Order No. 462.

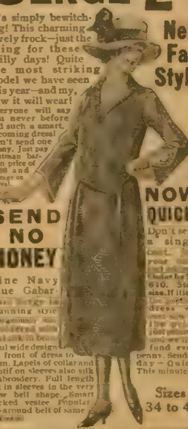


$1.29 and up

Plus Postage

Order Quick!

Silk Embroidered SERGE $2.98



New Fall Style

It's simply bewitching! This charming lovely frock—just the thing for these chilly days! Quite the most striking model we have seen this year—and my, how it will wear! Everyone will say you never before had such a smart, becoming dress! Don't send one penny. Just pay postman bargain price of $2.98 and postage on arrival.

SEND NO MONEY

Fine Navy Blue Gabardine Serge in stunning style. Gorgeously embroidered with real silk in beautiful wide design on front of dress to hem. Lapels of collar and motif on sleeves also silk embroidery. Full length set in sleeves in the very new bell shape. Smart tucked vestee. Popular tie-around belt of same material.

NOW QUICK!

Don't send a single cent. Just your name and address. Order by No. 610. State size. If it isn't the prettiest dress you ever saw for the price just return it and we'll refund every penny. Send today—Quick! This minute!

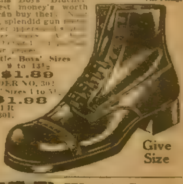
Sizes 34 to 46

Boys' Blucher—$1.89

Plus Postage

Quality through and through in this Boys' Blucher. Biggest money's worth you can buy there. New style, splendid gun metal leather uppers [illegible] leather [illegible] gain [illegible] at our price.

Little Boys' Sizes 9 to 13½
$1.89
ORDER NO. 302
Boys' Sizes 1 to 5½
$1.98
ORDER NO. 301.



Give Size

Wool Serge PANTS

Guaranteed Brand New All Wool Heavy Serge: Khaki color. You know what that means for wear! Finely tailored reinforced waist band. Heavy top lining, belt loops, five pockets, stoutly sewed seams. Sizes 30 to 42 waist, 30 to 34 inseam. At only $2.49. You can't beat this bargain anywhere in America. It will pay you to order two or three pairs! Order by No. 735 and be sure to give measurements.

$2.49 *Plus Postage*

Order These Startling Bargains Direct From GORDON BATES CO. Dept. 1060 MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

Concluding the Story of the Young Hercules Who Tried to Clean Up a City's Sore Spot

Strong-Arm Sanderson

By Hamilton Craigie

CHAPTER IV—(Continued).

AND in that instant Sanderson had acted. Palms against the flooring for leverage, he hurled himself straight upward, as a tarpon strikes, and, with the motion his right fist, lunging forward as a fencer lunges, at full length, crashed full upon the tall man's jaw.

It was a lifting punch; it swept the hawk-faced man outward and away, turning him half over, so that he fell, collapsing like an empty bag, upon one shoulder-point. He twitched a moment and then lay still.

But Sanderson was not done with the man, even yet. For just the split second necessary to his purpose, the mob had halted, staring, held by that amazing, unexpected offensive. Now they rushed forward, inarticulate, crowding together in their eagerness; and this, too, was in Sanderson's favor. For, as the foremost of them leaped forward, cursing, Sanderson bent, heaved, lifted—swung up the heavy body—hurled it, in a crashing arc, broadside on into the mass.

Men fell like tenpins before the onslaught of that human catapult. Halted in mid-rush, they backed, cursing, those that had kept their feet, one against the other, milling for a moment like catle at the sudden onslaught of wolves.

Sanderson followed thru. He came with a plunging rush, as a speedy halfback goes thru a broken field, following the kick off. Head on, he split that line, a living thunderbolt, fists going like flails. Grunts and oaths answered him: at least six to one, crowding, reaching, thrusting for his life, they could not touch him, this punishing human dynamo whose swinging blows dropped men to right and left as if they had been pole-axed.

And that, too, was in Sanderson's favor. The center of a whirling tangle of legs and arms, their very numbers baffled, they could not reach him. Gunplay, even if they had dared to risk it, was out of the question. The knife—yes—but in that whirling play of fist and foot there was little chance.

Sanderson was hitting now with the full power of his arms. When he hit a man that man went down—to stay. But others, crawling upward from the floor whither they had fallen before that human battering-ram, were getting into it. A sandbag, at the end of a hairy arm, grazed Sanderson's head. A long blade, thrusting, drove thru the shoulder of his coat, to find the flesh.

But as a leopard among wolves, his yellow mane an oriflamme of battle, he seemed to see about him all ways at once, thrusting, lunging, keeping his feet as by a miracle.

In effect he was a rapier, a bludgeon, a maul, a sledge, a veritable tornado of eruptive action. He had cleared a little space, a ring, a circle of dim faces, thrusting hands. For a moment they wavered . . . a knife clanged, ringing, from a table-top . . . in a moment now would come the end, for flesh and blood could not endure it.

A face rose, grinning, from the press—an arm—a hand holding a gun—and just beyond it the door. Sanderson struck, and the face was blotted out. A man, crouching, grabbed for his ankle with a thrusting hand.

Sanderson's heavy boot swung in a short arc; there was a welp of anguish—a sudden rush. He hurdled that final barrier, knees high, crashing into the door. It fell outward with a groaning clang. He began to run, or thought that he did; in reality, he achieved merely a shuffling walk.

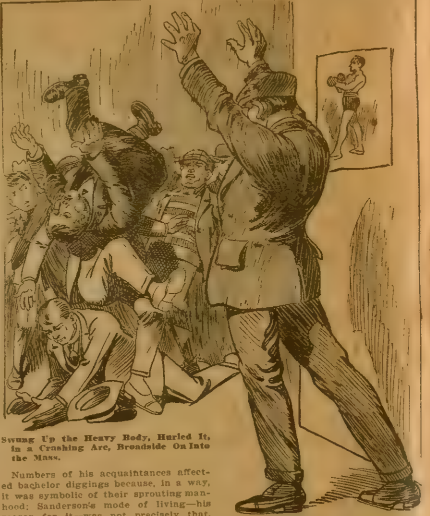
Just ahead the pharmacy lights blazed out of the blackness. Of a sudden they swam together like the bursting of a sun. He lurched, falling inward thru the door in an aimless huddle of sprawling limbs.

But behind him there was no pursuit. He was safe.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUMMONS

SANDERSON had just stepped out of his cold shower and into respectable habiliments when his servant brought him a note



Swung Up the Heavy Body, Hurled It, in a Crashing Arc, Broadside On Into the Mass.

Numbers of his acquaintances affected bachelor diggings because, in a way, it was symbolic of their sprouting manhood; Sanderson's mode of living—his reason for it—was not precisely that. It was symbolic, rather, of his relation with his father, an evidence of the widening breach which had, now that he recalled it, begun to be apparent with the coming of De Courcelles.

Now he stretched, yawning, with the lithe ease of a leopard, of a mountain cat. Sanderson was always "in the pink," his adventure of the previous evening—and it would have meant, for another man, a day in bed, at the very easiest—had left him merely with an eye somewhat the worse for wear, a shoulder stiff and aching where the stiletto-point had grazed it, knuckles bruised and reddened—and that was all.

His servant, at Sanderson's brisk "Come!" entered with something of that same silent, jungle step, pad-padding on the thick pile of the rug. It was evident that Sanderson had not picked him for his personal pulchritude; with his seamed, lead-colored countenance, criss-crossed with late-healed cicatrices, and pocked blue with powder burns, he could have stepped into a Bill Sykes role, say, at a moment's notice, easily, and minus make-up.

Sanderson had chosen a neighborhood eminently respectable; it was a region of boarding-houses, cheap clubs; the building, which had been made over into a "studio," had at one time been a stable. And his "man," Hennessy, had been something of a scandal to the good folk roundabout. Now his bulbous jaw, mouth a straight gash, eyes small but set wide apart aside a nose that was like a lump of putty, peered round the door.

"Message for you, sir," he said, out of the corner of his mouth.

Sanderson took the envelope, ripping it across with a quick flirt of his thumb. He read—then read again, turning the enclosure over in his hand. He re-read it, frowning:

> My Dear Mr. Sanderson
>
> If you will be so kind as to call at 18 West 11th street you will hear something distinctly to your advantage. You may, on the other hand forfeit a matter of the utmost importance should you see fit to disregard this invitation. We shall be waiting—as always.

There was no signature. "Forfeit matter of the utmost importance!" muttered Sanderson. Aloud he said:

"That's a curious phrase, Mike, [illegible]

Read This First—Then Finish the Story

The "Alley of the Seven Saints," as the dismal, foul, run-down street had come to be called, had long been an eye-sore to the decent citizens and officials of the big city. It was the breeding-ground of crime. Men had tried to remove it—blot it out—but it had remained, in spite of the many crusades against it.

"Goat" Hinch, "Frisco," "Jimps," "Spanish Joe," "Omaha Fat," "Denver Pink," and others like them, were still there, as were their guns, knives, blackjacks, brass knucks and burglar's tools. The "Big Gun," also was there, in spirit, for it was this unknown master—unknown to the law-abiding world—that the evil ones served whenever he had dirty work for them to do. When they were not working for "Big Gun," the lower element of these dangerous criminals were out "rolling" some drunken victim for his valuables, if he had any.

[illegible] a "tartar" in the shape [illegible] and what he did to his [illegible] ful. The thugs were convinced that the "devil was in the Alley" and so reported.

Soon after this the citizens and officials of the city were warned thru an advertisement in the papers, that a new Crusader was in the field to clean out the city's sore spot, the "Alley of the Seven Saints." The message was signed with a pictured strong arm and hammer, a la Vulcan.

[illegible] Sanderson, 28, fair-haired and muscular, was no sailor, but often dressed like one. While his father was a man of abundant means, Norval had been [illegible] from home, working at this and that when [illegible] Norval could not like his father's [illegible] and often was puzzled by [illegible] ons and the secretary's [illegible] Norval confessed to his father that he was the author of the [illegible] "Arm and Hammer" message to the public. When asked if he really believed he could reform the city—single-handed—the son's answer was "No!"

Next we hear of "Strong-Arm Sanderson," as the thugs called him, he had been trapped in a thieves' den and was offered his freedom if he could battle his way out—actually run the gauntlet of a dozen leering, merciless, knife-and-gun men

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No. 1 [illegible]	2.54
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Triple Grip Jaws $1.25 doz. pr.
"Little Scout" Rifle $4.45 each

FUNSTEN ANIMAL BAIT
A bigger catch guaranteed State kind wanted. Per can.. $1.00 Postpaid
3 cans for $2.50.

FUNSTEN BROS. & CO.
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FREE PRIZES for TRAPPER'S NAMES

GILLESPIE will give away the following prizes for names and addresses of trappers and fur shippers:

Best List.	Ford Auto (with starter)	Value $430.00
2nd	Indian Motorcycle	" 340.00
3rd	Victrola Phonograph	" 175.00
4th & 5th (each)	[illegible] Hammerless Shot Gun	" 100.00
6th List.	[illegible] Savage Rifle	" 87.50

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Wonder what he means? 'Forfeit'—eh? . . . Well, what do you advise? What's in it, do you think?"

Hennessy's grin was like an amiable gorilla's. His eyes, milky pale, yet keen, probing, narrowed at the corners. And the look that he turned upon Sanderson was a curious compound of admiration and anxiety.

"Nawthin' good, sir—an' you can lay to that! An' I misdoubt 'tis th' Big Gun himself, sir; 'tis like him; smooth an' easy does it with th' likes of him, Mr. Norval. . . . But I'd go slow an' easy, sir, if I was you . . . But now, if I was wit' ye! After last night——"

His tone, respectful as always, carried a reproachful note. Sanderson grinned fleetingly, then his expression sobered. He cast a rueful glance at his impeccable morning clothes, laid out in orderly array, turning to the dungarees, the sleazy coat, the shirt.

"Well—I'm—going, Mike!" he said. "And I'm going in 'character.' If I don't—come back—you know what to do. . . . It was you suggested the adventure, even if you didn't speak of it . . . perhaps I shouldn't have used that Biblical injunction, but I thought it might confuse them a little—throw them off the track. . . . And you know what they did to you—you never could prove it on them . . ."

"Five years, sir!"

Hennessy's voice held a bitter, brooding note "Five years in Stir—an' if it hadn't been for you . . . I beg your pardon, sir—I—forget.'

Sanderson's face glowed suddenly beneath the tan. "Mike," he said, "they're all rotten! I'm no reformer—but it was the Big Gun who was responsible. You never saw him, but it was he' He railroaded you—for going straight!"

Hennessy nodded. "I never saw him, sir—he must be pretty old by now . . . but he's th' brains, sir; he's got 'em all, sir—like this——"

He opened and closed a great, hairy fist.

"——Boxmen, petermen, yeggs, damper-getters, guns, dips, pennyweighters, housemen, moll-buzers—he's got 'em all—they're all workin' f'r him—th' Big Gun!"

"I've often wondered as to who he really is," Sanderson mused. "But I've got a hunch, somehow, Mike, that I'm going to find out. And when I do——"

He paused, his expression shifting to a light, fierce recklessness.

"You showed me a thing or two, with the gloves, Mike," he said. "You think—I've learned something?"

Open admiration glowed in the ex-pugilist's face. "You know what I think, sir! Th' next heavyweight champion—if you only would! Hell's hinges! . . . Beggin' your pardon, Mr. Norval—but you'd go thru this crop of heavies like a knife thru cheese—you would, as sure as Gawd made little apples! Dempsey now—he's there—but you'd give him a battle . . . well, not now, maybe—but with a little seasoning . . . you got th' speed, the footwork, an—boy—you sure can sock——!"

"Time!" said Sanderson, reddening slightly, his eyes kindling. Hennessy grinned sheepishly in answer, in a visible embarrassment. Sanderson, changing into his "working clothes," abruptly thrust out his hand.

"Good-by—and good luck, old man!" he said simply, turning with the word. Master and servant, they eyed each other straightly for the moment as man to man. Then Sanderson, without a backward glance, strode swiftly to the door.

It clanged shut behind him with a hollow crash. He was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAPPED!

SANDERSON, hailing a taxi at the corner of the street, dismissed it after a brief journey had brought him within a short block of his destination. But as he turned the corner he passed a man going west. The man was in a hurry, but in the brief glimpse of that dark, staring face, with its high cheek-bones and chill, wintry eyes, Sanderson had recognized him. It was his father's secretary, De Courcelles

What the man might be doing in that neighborhood Sanderson could not imagine, but the fellow was in a desperate hurry. Sanderson, with a quick, backward glance, was in time to see him whip round the corner at a racing gait. And the secretary had been coming from the direction of No. 18; it was but a few doors further along.

Sanderson halted a moment, a chord in his memory vibrating with that momentary, brief glimpse of the dark, foreign face, the parchment texture of the skin, like old ivory . . . and suddenly he knew—and comprehension sprang upon him, full-armed:

In the few passing glimpses he had of the secretary at the great house on the avenue he had seen him cold, reserved, wearing, save in that brief encounter at the postern, his secretarial mask. Now, however, it was as if a window had been abruptly opened . . . an eye-flash of the man himself; and it was a face that Sanderson had seen aforetime, and at the last had remembered. And the first time that he had seen it had not been at the manse on the avenue; the face had looked out at him from a portrait gallery—and it had been the Gallery of Rogues.

Sanderson grinned briefly, without mirth. His suspicions, half-formed, had crystallized to certainty, and that was all. He went forward slowly, counting the house numbers on the south side of the street; 10—12—14—16

Opposite No. 18 he halted, staring upward in surprise. For the house was boarded up, the windows like blind eyes, the door one of those wooden affairs with a spring lock. It had all the appearance of a house untenanted for the summer, empty, echoing merely to the squeak and scurry of nomadic rats searching for scant provender

But the white marble steps had been freshly scrubbed, and as he turned inward from the curb he glanced sidewise at his feet.

There was a thin film of ash on the lowest step, and, following the trail, his eyes widened to see the still smouldering end of a cigarette—it had been a long, foreign one—and it was of a rare brand, as he knew; he doubted if there was more than one shop that sold it in the city of New Providence—sold it to De Courcelles, the secretary.

APACHE'

The words seemed to hiss in his ear, as a chill wind rising from the dust. That was what the sergeant of detectives had told him, pointing to that portrait. Only in the photograph the man had been wearing a long, visored cap, with a patent-leather peak. But there could be no mistake.

But Sanderson went steadily up the steps, his hand falling against the flat, black shape of the automatic at his hip. But with his finger on the bell-push the door swung outward almost in his face and a bell clanged faintly from somewhere in the depths.

"This way, sir," came a voice.

Sanderson seemed to be walking into a deep well of darkness; it was a blackness that he could feel, as the inside of a camera is black; it weighed upon his eyelids with the effort to see. He followed the voice into that velvet black; it seemed to come to him down a long tunnel of a silence otherwise unbroken, yet curiously freighted with a vibrant undertone, a tension, as of a fine wire drawn and singing at a pitch too low for hearing.

Then, abruptly, there was a sustained and spitting hiss; light sprang upon him in a blinding flood with the hiss and sputter of a great arc, wavering to full flame, like the bursting of a sun out of the void.

He heard a voice, bleak, like a dry wind:

"I bid you welcome, sir.'"

And at the sound of that voice abruptly he stiffened, standing like a pointer at gaze, his face abruptly gray, a pulse in his temple throbbing with a quick violence. That voice—he had heard it before! And it was not the secretary's; it was—it was . . .

Rigid, he waited, as the voice purred on, deep, even, controlled, like and yet unlike . . . It came like a cold wind, like a breath of Arctic ice

"Will you not be seated, sir?"

SANDERSON'S stiff fingers, groping, found a chair back He sat down heavily, staring before him at the walls, the floor. He saw now that he was in a square chamber, unfurnished save for the chair in which he sat; four walls a pallid, white, unbroken smoothness; of windows he could see not a trace. It was like an oubliette, a prison, a—tomb . . . And—he was the sole occupant of the room—alone, save for that disembodied voice, coming whence he could not tell.

He glanced upward at the light, and just beyond it he saw a flat, circular plate, perforated in the center. A dictagraph! That would explain the voice, but that he was under observation as well he was also certain.

Now the voice continued, with a biting edge

"You have come . . . that is very well . . . you are—wise. . . .'"

The voice hissed with a sudden violence:

". . . You will be wiser . . . did you think . . "

For the first time there was apparent in the voice a note of definite power, and the pride of power

". . . did you think your—'strong-arm' methods would prevail? But—you know better now."

Sanderson nodded dumbly, forbearing speech, and by that means knew that he was observed. The voice, with its silken violence, rose a note.

"Ah—you realize . . . and, as I said, you are wise—you are—learning wisdom. And because I can use you I offer you a choice—a test. But first, that you may feel as well as understand—this: Make ready!"

The two words cracked sharply, almost at his ear, but Sanderson knew that they were not meant for him. And, almost with the words, the light faded to midnight blackness, and with its going an acrid, faint tang assailed his nostrils, bitter-sweet. Then, wave on wave, it smote him, there in the darkness, so that, even as he rose, staggering, to his feet, they crumpled under him; he pitched forward on his face, lay still. But his last conscious thought, ere he lapsed into the dead blank of absolute negation, was that he had been a fool—a fool! They had been playing with him. He had, eyes open, head up, walked into the trap. It was the end.

CHAPTER VII.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

SANDERSON opened his eyes slowly, with an effort. He was sitting in the chair. The light was on; the room was empty save for himself. The thing had been fantastic, like a dream—but it had been real. His head ached, he was aware of a slight nausea, that would be the after-effect of the anesthetic. But he had no remembrance of arising from the floor.

Again he heard the Voice, subtly sardonic:

"Well, you see—now—Mister Strong-Arm Sanderson . . . and it is the twentieth century . . and there is a policeman within call. He is passing the house, but he has no idea, of course . . . well, of course—the police never have [illegible] ideas—and that is why——"

The voice ceased suddenly, and now it was more than ever familiar, and yet Sanderson could not be certain, dared not be certain. For if it were true—that which he dared not even suspect.

[illegible]tinued on Page 24.)

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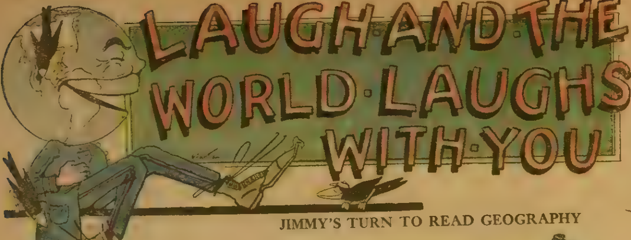


LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

Logical.

Isabel, aged [illegible] had just been told the story of "Daniel in the Lion's Den." Then mother said: "And what do you think Daniel did the very first thing after he was saved from the lions?"

Without much hesitation, Isabel replied: "Why, he [illegible] telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right."

PAT'S REMEDY

IRISH wit rarely fails its possessor in an emergency. Private Maguire had been misbehaving and was up before his commanding officer charged with drunkenness

"Eight days in the guardhouse," said the latter sternly.

But in writing the "8" on Pat's defaulter sheet the pen spluttered. Pat noticed this and leaned forward.

"Thry if 'twill make a '3' anny aisier, sorr," he suggested in a persuasive whisper

Willing to Oblige.

"I'm sorry, but I really can't find a place for you."

"But, Senator, I can't go back to my home town and tell the people there I failed to land a Government job."

"In that case, shall I pay your railroad fare to some other point?"

A Season Worker.

Charitable Lady—What were you, my poor man, before you came to this penniless condition?

Lazy Lewis—I'm really a season worker, ma'am. I smoke glasses for solar eclipses.

They're Still at It.

Doorkeeper—What's the long-winded discussion about?

Senator—They're debating on the best means of shortening the debates.

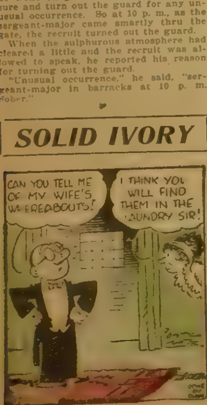
MOST UNUSUAL

THE recruit was weighted down with orders by the sergeant-major when he went on guard. He was told to be sure and turn out the guard for any unusual occurrence. So at 10 p. m., as the sergeant-major came smartly thru the gate, the recruit turned out the guard.

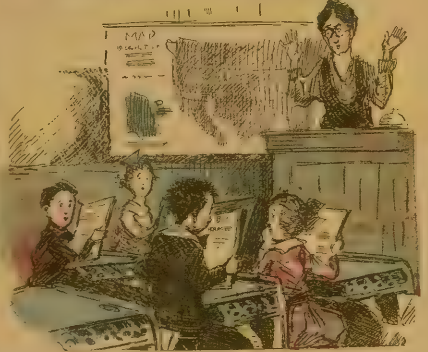
When the sulphurous atmosphere had cleared a little and the recruit was allowed to speak, he reported his reason for turning out the guard.

"Unusual occurrence," he said, "sergeant-major in barracks at 10 p. m. Sober."

SOLID IVORY


CAN YOU TELL ME OF MY WIFE'S WHEREABOUTS?
I THINK YOU WILL FIND THEM IN THE LAUNDRY SIR!

JIMMY'S TURN TO READ GEOGRAPHY



"Crack! Crack! Crack! spoke young Dick's rifle, and five redskins plunged into the canyon "

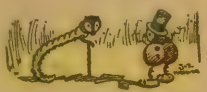
Not a Perfect Model.

"John, when you were lecturing Willie just now you held the postage stamp up as a model, telling him that by sticking to one thing it always got there."

"Yes, what of it?"

"Nothing, only I notice that the postage stamp has to get a licking before it will stay on the job."

A Lucrative Job.



Bug—Where are you working now?

Woodborer—In a furniture factory, making worm holes in antique furniture!

A Modified Dutch Treat.

"Come with me to the Touraine and we'll have a fellowship dinner," one girl said to another.

"What's a fellowship dinner?" inquired the latter.

"Why, you pay for mine and I'll pay for yours," was the reply

Method in It.

"Why do you and your wife always dine where there's an orchestra?"

"As a matter of precaution. Sometimes the music helps us to forget the food and sometimes the food helps us to forget the music."

Merely Wanted to Know.

"Pa," said Clarence.

"Be careful, young man. I'm in no humor for foolishness," warned his dad

"Well," grinned Clarence, "I just wanted to ask you if, when an eyetooth got old, you had to buy glasses for it."

Investigation.

"Why do you insist on war investigations?"

"Because I disapprove of war," replied Senator Sorghum. "If there is anything that will cause the public to lose interest in something it's an investigation."

TOO TRUE.

Uneasy lies the royal head
That wears a crown, we've heard it said;
For on his noodle he will land
When by his subjects he is canned.

COLD "HONEY"

SHE left her hubby alone in their room at the hotel while she did some shopping. She returned. The many doors and numbers confused her. But she soon decided which was her room.

She knocked and called. "I'm back, honey—let me in!"

No answer.

"Honey, honey—let me in!" she called again, knocking harder. "Honey, it's me please, honey!"

Brief silence, then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door: "Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

Ouch!

"Hasn't your husband kissed you recently?" asked the judge.

"Oh, yes; he kissed me last night," replied the fair applicant for a divorce.

"H'm, then what are you complaining about?" the judge asked.

"The hall was dark and he mistook me for our pretty maid," she snapped.

Then Pa Cuffed Him.

"Pa, are matches troubled with the itch?" asked Clarence.

"Say, what the thunder?" exclaimed his dad

"Well, people are always scratching them," replied the kid.

A Flip Flapper.

"What's your favorite hymn?" one of those inquiring reporters asked a flapper the other day.

"I've got three or four," she answered promptly, "but I think I like Harry the best."

An Expensive Favor.

Justwedd—We'll have to get a refrigerator; it will save us money.

Mrs. Justwedd—How so, dear?

Justwedd—I notice that every time you cool a watermelon in Mrs. Nexdore's ice chest you give her half.

An Accommodating Auto.

Chap (hiring car for use over week-end)—How many will she hold?

Native Owner of Car—Well, she generally holds four, but seven can get along if they're real well acquainted.

Talking, Not Entertaining.

Mother's Voice—Are you entertaining Harold?

Daughter—No, we're just talking.

HIS MUSICAL VOICE

"OI CAN see red roses bloomin'!" sang the street vocalist inharmoniously, and he was about to begin the second spasm when a carpenter's helper beckoned him to his side.

"I'll give you a dime," he declared, "if you'll sing in this shed until I come back. I'm dying for a drink of milk." And the songster assented.

Soon the helper reappeared, wiping his mouth, and paid over the reward he had promised.

"I s'pose," said the vocalist knowingly, "that my voice is about the same as your own, an' that you thought your boss wouldn't know the difference—eh?"

The other looked at him indignantly and then replied:

"Your voice the same as mine! I should hope not. If you want to know, it's the same as the noise my saw makes, and I wanted the boss to think I was workin' hard on these planks!"

She Wanted Strong Ones.

A woman went into a cigar store to buy some cigars for her husband, who was laid up. "Do you want them mild or strong, madam?" the clerk asked.

"Give me the strongest you have," she said. "The last ones he had broke in his pocket."

Murphy's Funeral.

Pell—Mrs. Murphy didn't appreciate the floral anchor we sent her dead husband.

Mell—How's that?

Pell—She thought it was a pick.

KINDRED VICES

A CLERGYMAN who years ago settled in Massachusetts once reproved a workman for swearing while he was plowing a new field.

"Swear?" said the man. "I guess you'd swear!"

Whereupon the preacher took the plow and hurried after it, indignantly denying the charge. Then, as the field became more impassable, he began panting:

"I never saw the like! I never saw the like!" When he had gone once around the field he stopped, breathless, and added:

"There, you see, I didn't find it necessary to swear."

"No," said the other, "but you've told more'n fifty lies. You said you never did see the like and you saw it all the time I was plowin'."

Strange.

Teller—Sorry, but you haven't enough money in your account to cash this check.

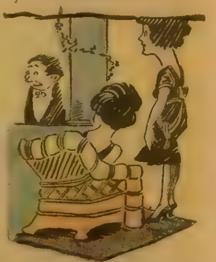
Fair Customer—That's strange. There was enough money to cash the last one I had, and this isn't nearly as large.

Jealous.

First Girl—Freda says she isn't going sailing with Jack any more; he hugs the shore too much.

Second Girl—My goodness! Isn't she the jealous thing!

How He Told.



Mary—Do you tell whether a man's a gentleman by his standing in a community?

Alice—Well, I can judge him better by his standing in a crowded car.

Of Course He Couldn't.

Policeman (to tramp on park bench)—Hey, there! You can't sleep here.

Tramp—I know I can't with you making all that fuss.

No Case.

Alice—Why don't you sue him for breach of promise?

Virginia—I would if I had a decent picture to give to the newspapers.

Lee Chit Takes a Bride

(Continued From Page 4)

For a long time she lay against him sobbing. "Oh, Monty," she moaned. "Dear, kind, old Monty." Then, with a frightened movement she tore herself from his arms.

"Don't touch me!" she cried. "Oh, Monty, don't touch me, I beg of you." She cowered from him and tried to get the door of the car open.

"Sit still, and tell me everything!" he commanded. "Start at the very beginning—from the time you first noticed the sore on your arm. Surely, in its first stage something can be done."

She laughed wildly, shrilly. "Oh, Monty—you poor, silly boy. We have both made such fools of ourselves, haven't we? I'm unstrung and don't know what I am saying. Now, take me home. I have told you everything is over between us." She was getting herself in hand and continued calmly, "No use to argue, Monty. We can't hit it off together."

"The sore on your arm!—tell me everything you know about it!" he demanded.

"Oh, yes," she said in confusion—"the sore—but I did tell you about it, Monty. I brushed against a radiator and the aluminum paint burned into the flesh. Do you think I lie?"

"Yes," he answered, dully. "Yes—I think you lie!"

Impulsively, to convince him, she opened her cloak. In the moonlight a silver-like disc shone on her white arm She moistened her finger with her tongue and touched the spot. Her fortitude forsook her and she trembled as if with cold.

"Oh, Monty!" she wailed, "it won't come off! I've tried everything I could think of—and, or, dearie—I'm afraid!"

"No, Jeanne, it won't come off," he told her. "And, I, too, am afraid. Why did you ever go near those dirty heathens?"

The girl sobbed in abandon. "No, Monty, it won't come off—never this side of the grave will I be clean again." He gathered her into his arms. "Don't touch me, you fool!" she cried, as he tried to comfort her. "Do you, too, want to be as I am? I am unclean! Oh God! I have brought all this on myself!"

He waited until she became a trifle calm. "I am going to take you home now, Jeanne," he informed her, decisively. "I want you to lock yourself in your room, and see no one until I bring the doctor to you. Touch nothing any one else must handle. Everything possible will be done for you, and if you can't be cured—we will end our days together, comforting each other with our love"

He jammed on the power, and the machine sped back to the city. At her door he whispered, "I will be here with the doctor early in the morning. Try to rest and forget. For fear some one should touch the car and become infected, I will manage to burn it in some out of the way place. Fire will cleanse it! We will attend to fumigating the house after we get Dr. Chetwynd's decision"

As he drove away Jeanne let herself in with a latch key and hurried to her room. "Fire will cleanse it!" echoed in her ears as she threw herself on her bed and wept. "Fire will cleanse it!"

Presently her terror calmed and she arose. Going to the tap she filled the basin with warm water; then removed her outer clothing. She bathed and scrubbed her arm until the blood came. No use! Thru the blood showed a dull, silver surface. In despair she turned back to her bed. "Fire will cleanse it!"

Her gaze rested on a small alcohol lamp on her dressing table. Hurriedly she pulled out the wick and scattered the liquid fuel over the carpet. Carefully she dressed, then, from a wall safe took her jewels and a roll of bank notes. Five hundred dollars," she murmured. Dear old daddy, you didn't think when you gave your little girl her allowance it would be all she would have between her and the world. Oh, how glad I am, my daddy, you have been away ever since the mark first appeared. But—the servants! They have handled the things I have. They will be better off dead!"

Without hesitation she scratched a match and tossed it onto the damp spot on the floor. Without looking back she made her way from the room, turning on each gas jet she passed.

From the street corner she watched the flames cave in the walls of her home. As the firemen safely carried out the servants who had been trapped in the burning structure, she moaned, "Fire would have cleansed them' Why didn't they let them burn?" In terror, she watched the firemen drag Monty back to the safety lines when he dashed up and would have entered to search for her. Once, she was tempted to rush over, for an officer was using necessary violence to subdue the grief crazed man. When the crowd dispersed she, too, hurried away.

THE After Dark Crowd was at its liveliest and noisiest as a little girl turned into Rice street. The Toward Morning Crowd was also beginning to appear and mingle with them. The brazen painted girls of the street, the brutes who live on their earnings, the cheap crooks and the homeless floaters jostled the frightened little body, and she shrank against a wall when they eyed her in passing. Perhaps it was more than fear of being accosted that caused her to draw close to the building. Carefully she shielded her arm from contact with any one. Poor, helpless, hopeless little girl! How many other sorrowful little beings have turned into Rice street, not knowing where else to go, and have afterward swung down the street with a smile on their carmined lips and despair in their hearts, the most boisterous of women?

Ahead she spied the tarnished black and gold sign swinging above the door of the shop she wished to enter:

LEE CHIT.
Dealer in Silks and Antiques.

Overcoming her timidity and fear, she hurried to the entrance and mounted the high steps. Inside she found a sleepy clerk nodding on a stool, who without rising motioned toward the rear room. Apparently it was no surprise to have a female visitor call in the small hours, and likewise it was seemingly the custom for her to go immediately into the private room in the rear. The little girl followed the invitation and passed among more or less rare ornaments and costly fabrics. She pushed a swinging door open and came face to face with a Chinaman dressed in native costume. He bowed low. "Missie Jeanne—you come catchee China medicine," he told her, confidently. "Me know. Too long time —3 o'clock tomollow. Lee waitee up."

"Yes, Lee," she answered, "I am desperate. Here among your people I have contracted leprosy. Here I will stay to get well or die! You claim you can cure me. I have money to pay for my care. Take me to the old Chinese doctor you told me of, and I will begin his treatment at once."

The Chinaman opened a door and stood to one side for her to pass. They entered, and behind her she heard a lock click and her conductor chuckle. "Why did you lock that door, Lee?" she demanded

"So nobody can come find," he answered, smoothly. "Maybe take two months—maybe soon. No can tell."

In the darkness she groped until her hand found a wall. "All right, Lee," she said. "It is too late to back out now," and followed him down the passageway

Presently he opened a door into a room the magnificence of which dazzled her. Embroidered silken draperies, pearl inlaid stools and tables, gorgeous [illegible] and strange odors of perfume greeted her. An old man with tightly drawn, yellow skin, his eyes blinking behind clumsy horn spectacles, pulled with long, bony fingers at a straggly gray goatee and mustache. Lee spoke to him in Chinese. He nodded and pointed to a curtained-off part of the room. "China doctor say bed all ready," her Sunday school pupil informed her. "Me glo now. You take off clothes. Doctors fix up arm. Bimeby all well."

Noticing her confused [illegible] look, he laughed and [illegible] her. "He old man—[illegible]. Tomollow come 'gain. Glood night."

The door closed behind him, and Jeanne pulled aside the vivid hangings. The old doctor was laying out salves and dressings, and, with a shrug, she stepped inside the curtains and removed her waist "Why not?" she argued with herself "If any more harm comes to me there is a sure way out!"

She watched with interest the skill with which the Chinese physician dressed her wound. The ointment was soothing. After the rough treatment she had given her arm, the effect of the salve was comforting, and without hesi-

Do YOU Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?

The man in this picture has reason to be ill at ease. He has attended an informal dinner in conventional full dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to interpret the word "informal" on the invitation—and would have revealed to him important things to know regarding an informal social function. The Book of Etiquette tells you what to wear on all occasions.

This friend has just introduced him to the young woman Instead of waiting for her to offer her hand and make the acknowledgment, he has extended his hand first and mumbled confusedly something about being "Glad to meet you." By telling you how to make and acknowledge introductions, the Book of Etiquette prevents a great many embarrassing blunders

She has just signed her name in the hotel register, and glanced at the names above. She sees, in these other signatures, that she has made a mistake—that she has registered incorrectly. Mistakes such as these can often be very embarrassing indeed. The Book of Etiquette prevents them, as it covers the whole subject of hotel etiquette completely and authoritatively.

Without realizing his mistake, the man in this picture has followed the head waiter, preceding the young woman. It is the wrong order of precedence, and he discovers it to his embarrassment only when he notices the entrance of another couple. The Book of Etiquette tells you about the mistakes that might be made, when entering the theatre, the street car, the drawing-room. And it tells you how to avoid these humiliating blunders

Every one knows that table manners are an index to breeding. The man in this picture has taken olives with a fork, and has just realized his error, as the others have taken them with their fingers. Too bad he didn't refer to his Book of Etiquette! It tells all about table manners—how to eat corn on the cob, lettuce, asparagus, frozen pudding.

The gentleman at the right does not know how to dance. Instead of doing what he should, under the circumstances, he is making himself conspicuous by standing alone while the others dance. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to avoid this embarrassment—and would have told him also the complete etiquette of the dance and of dancing. It is a most fascinating chapter.

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tation she drank the liquid he handed her in a dainty porcelain cup.

She retired to her couch with a "Thank you, doctor," to which the old man shook his head, indicating that he could not or did not wish to speak English. She stretched her weary limbs luxuriously and drew the rich covering over her. "If I can only sleep and forget," she murmured. A delicious drowsiness stole over her. Her eyes closed—and she dreamed.

The old man stealthily parted the curtains and looked down on the sleeping form. "Too bad, little girl," he said aloud in excellent English. "The master is a crafty man who shows no mercy, and I am but his slave. Sleep—and dream!"

The sleeper stirred beneath the brilliant covers. A bandaged arm stole out, the bosom swelled and a smile lit up a happy, care-free face. "Monty," she murmured, "——Dear!"

The old man tiptoed softly away and entered his own bunk. He drew an inlaid tabourette to his side and jointed a long pipe with a small bowl. Soon he had a spirit lamp burning, and raw gum twisted into a pill on a wire. Deftly he turned the tiny lump over the flame until it was nicely cooked. He placed it in the small bowl of his pipe and lay back on a hard wooden pillow. His thin lips sucked on the ivory stem, and slowly he exhaled a deep breath of smoke. Blue-gray wreaths and rings hung in the air and floated to the ceiling. Repeatedly he went thru the performance. Presenly he laid the pipe on the tabourette and closed his eyes. He, too, dreamed and smiled.

When Jeanne awoke the swinging lamp in the center of the room continued to burn. Apparently, it was still night; she stirred uneasily and drew the curtains of her couch apart. The movement brought the old doctor to her side.

Realization of her plight came to her, and she sprang to her feet. Reaction set in, and she dropped limply back and sobbed. The old man raised her up and pressed a bowl of broth to her lips. She shuddered and resisted, but the odor was appetizing, and presently she took a sip. The bowl was emptied, and the doctor, nodding approvingly, moved away. Left alone, she dressed and stepped into the room as the lock grated and Lee Chit entered. To his inquiries she answered that she felt better. He expressed his gratification by telling her, "Bimeby all well."

She asked why the windows were not opened and the light extinguished. "No got windows," he said. "Police maybe find leper place. Everybody glo island." Soon he retired, promising to bring her books and papers.

The days that followed brought hope of a kind to the invalid. The sore was rapidly healing, but the confinement was growing wearisome. Also, queer ideas were struggling in her mind. The old doctor appeared to take absolutely no precaution against infection. Surely, with a disease so loathsome as leprosy, he would fear contracting it himself, but it seemed he did not. Lee Chit continued to visit her daily, supplying her with the small dainties and necessities she asked for. Like the old doctor, he, too, failed to take the slightest sanitary measures, and she wondered greatly. Suppose, after all, she did not have the dreaded affliction? Conviction came to her. She had been tricked'

One day in the presence of Lee her physician took off the final bandage, indicating with gesture that the cure was complete.

A change had come over her erstwhile convert, and he waved aside her half-hearted attempts to thank them.

"Miss Jeanne," he said in excellent English, "we will put further pretense aside. I speak as good English as you do. What is more, I am also a graduate of one your greatest universities. I can, if I care to, practice as a physician, but there would be little money in it, as no white person would trust a Mongolian practitioner, and my own countryment prefer their own school of medicine. Miss Jeanne, I loved you since the day you undertook the conversion of the heathen China boy. It is hard for you American women to realize that we have a religion which antedates yours by fifteen or twenty centuries. Always, when you get a hearing from us there is some underlying reason for it. In my case it was yourself. Now, surely, out of gratitude for your cure, if for no other reason, you will marry me. Remember, also, I am extremely wealthy and powerful, and all is yours. I saw a fortune in Chinese antiques manufactured in Connecticut, and went in business. I will give up my position in Chinese affairs and go with you where you wish. When a Chinaman promises all this to a woman you know his love is great."

Jeanne heard him thru to the end, moving slowly until her hand closed on an ancient, ivory-handled dagger. "Gratitude?" she inquired. "My opinion is, I never had leprosy! If I did, wouldn't you hesitate about marrying a woman in whom the germs might still lurk?"

"No," he answered, evenly. "Your cure is complete. The treatment my friend gave you was prescribed by me. I know you are absolutely clean!"

"You lie," she told him, quietly. "Lee Chit, a dirty, yellow heathen dog, is going to his ancestors right now!" She lunged toward him, trying to strike with the dagger, but he stepped nimbly aside, laughing. The door opened and closed, leaving her alone in the room.

"Jeanne," came his voice from the hallway, "you have called me a dirty, yellow heathen dog. Feel the fangs of that dog! When your temper is over, and you are back in your right senses, rap on the door. The old man will then come back to you. From now on, you will stay a prisoner until you bend to my will. And—you are right—you never had leprosy, if it will make you feel any better to know. I fixed up a sweet little bon-bon for you, loaded with germs which caused the harmless skin eruption that nearly drove you out of your senses. You ate the dainty during the banquet given by the Chinese-American Sunday school in honor of the Reverend Eli." The sound of his menacing voice died away with his retreating footsteps down the corridor.

FOR hours she lay clutching the dagger, hoping one moment he would return, and debating the next whether to plunge it into her own breast and end all. Hunger and thirst came, and realization of her terrible position forced her to calmness. With all the composure she could muster she rapped on the door. The old man entered and she made known her wants. He gave her food and drink and advice. This time he, too, spoke English. "The master is very powerful," he warned. "I trust you will submit." For answer she crashed a bowl at his head.

The monotony of her captivity became terrible. Daily Lee Chit stood outside the door, and tho afraid to enter, taunted her. Sometimes he would pretend to read accounts from a paper of the fire. "Monty Grier was having the ashes sifted," he announced. "In fact, he was working in overalls at the task himself in the endeavor to find her gold tooth. Only, if his search was so rewarded, would he believe she had really perished." Oh, it was monstrous! Lee was a master at torture! Of course, no such accounts were appearing, but his recital was driving her mad.

"Will you marry me now?" he asked when he thought she could stand no more. "You know, if I tell the truth the police will come for you. Burning a city block is a serious crime. Only in Chinatown with me are you safe."

"And only away from me are you safe," she answered.

The terrible loneliness began to break her fingers. "Why not?" he muttered. smoke interested her and she watched him time after time cook the raw hop. It brought forgetfulness! One day when he dropped off to sleep, she took the pipe from his hands and moved the tabourette to her couch. Several cooked pills remained, and she imitated his movements very satisfactorily. She had found the solution to her problem! Dreams and forgetfulness! The old man smiled when he awoke and found her sleeping with the pipe still clutched in her fingers. "Why not?" he muttered. "Poor child! The master will keep her here until he breaks her will. Opium will hasten the work."

The next day he instructed her in the art of cooking raw hop. She insisted on using the first few she prepared, and they made her deathly ill. A novice cooks what is known as a green or undone pill, and a green pill causes nausea. She persisted, however, and soon became as expert as her instructor. Then followed days and nights of smoking, the old man and the girl sharing the same pipe and the same couch. His supply of gum ran low, and she brought out the five hundred dollars from its place of concealment in her clothing.

Daily Lee Chit stood outside the door and taunted her. Then came the night she awoke and found herself alone. The oil burned out of the lamp, the wick grew red and charred and the flame flickered and snapped out. Terrified, she groped for the few matches she remembered laying on the tabourette. Only two remained. She lighted one and peered into the dancing shadows until it burned close to her fingers.

The after effects of hop to the confirmed smoker is an intense desire for juicy fruit and candy. By the light of her remaining match Jeanne searched for the dish of peaches, grapes and oranges and the water bottle that she knew was on the table when she went to sleep. Both were gone. The hellishness of Lee's latest torture burned into her mind, and she grew afraid to be alone. She shrieked, and her voice in the awful stillness drove her to the edge of madness. After its sound died away she wept.

Why had she not thought of it? There was another way out beside the dagger route. "Lee," she cried, knowing he stood at the other side of the door, "please come in here. I promise I won't hurt you—and, oh, bring a lamp."

Instantly the room was flooded with light. An electric bulb had all the while been concealed in the ceiling and the current turned on from the corridor. Lee's mocking laugh sounded.

"No, you won't hurt any one," he jeered. "You are tamed!" The key turned in the lock and her jailer entered. "What do you want?" he demanded.

"Water and something to eat," she begged. "And, oh, Lee, a can of hop."

"Two days from now I will bring you opium if you are still alive," he told her. "Food and water you shall have at once. I intend to make you understand that I have the power to deprive you of all these things."

"You beast!" she screamed.

Again he laughed. "Water and food you will get in twelve hours instead of at once. Opium will be administered just in time to keep you from going insane."

Jeanne reached for the concealed dagger. It was gone, and the door closed on Lee Chit's mocking laughter.

The hours that followed seemed years of torture, for Lee was as good as his word. Jeanne was on the verge of the yen-yens. At last she threw herself against the door, beating on the panels with her little fists until she fell exhausted. She lay sprawled on the floor when Lee entered. Hunger, thirst, craving for opium, and fear had done their work. The half-crazed creature clutched at the Chinaman's knees pitifully. "Lee! For God's sake—take me away from here," she implored.

His slippered foot crashed against her ribs, and again she lay motionless on the floor save for an occasional twitching of her limbs.

"Please—Lee," she whispered. "Do with me as you wish! Kill me outright if you want to, but, oh, don't make me suffer so!"

"Get on your feet," he ordered.

Holding fast to him for support she got up swaying. Angrily he threw her on the couch.

"The old man will be back to give you medicine," he said. He tossed a can of hop to her side. "I suppose you need this worse than anything else just now. Smoke your fool head off. And, you may as well understand matters at once. When you have sufficiently recovered the Reverend Eli Taylor, who is even a greater scoundrel than I am, will marry us. I simply beat him to you. If you do not believe me I will tell you something more. We in Chinatown hide the Reverend's devilishment, and he in return helps us with ours. I intend to afterward announce that the night of the fire Jeanne Bonsall, crazed with fright, fled to Chinatown and sought refuge with the Reverend Eli. Oh, he will bear me out. He will swear to anything I say. Then you will appear in Chinese costume as my wife; your friends will discard you, and in the years to come you will bear for me one little half-bred 'yellow dog,' (as you delight in referring to the Chinese) after another. Does your future appeal to you?"

Jeanne was apparently too busy to hear him, tho her shoulders shivered ever so slightly as she twisted a tiny wad of gum on a wire, and turned it over the flame of the spirit lamp.

When her master was gone she discarded her outer clothing, lay down on the couch, drew her knees comfortably under her, and drew on the ivory stem of her pipe. The blue-gray wreaths and rings of smoke hung lazily in the air, then floated upward. "Will we?" she inquired of herself. "We'll see! The innocent little Sunday school teacher is a wise girl now. You are some devil, Lee Chit, but you'll think a whole flock of devils are after you before I'm thru."

She drifted off into a dead sleep. The old doctor tiptoed softly into the room and looked down on her. Mournfully he shook his head as he unloosened her fingers from the pipe and moved the layout to the other side of the room by his bunk.

THE After Dark Crowd was at its liveliest and noisiest as a little girl swung down Rice street. It was about the hour that the Toward Morning Crowd began to mingle with them. The brazen, painted females of the street stood aside against the wall so she might have room to pass, then turned and stared admiringly after her. The brutes who lived on women's shame looked enviously at her as they took the gutter side. The cheap crooks slunk away feeling they were out of class. A homeless floater held out his hand beseechingly, and his fingers closed on the coin she handed to him.

Lee Chit hurriedly got rid of a customer as she mounted the high steps under the tarnished black and gold sign.

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H. D. POWERS Dept. P105 Battle Creek, Mich.

"Hello, hubby, dear," she said, jauntily. "Business good?"

He shook his head wearily. "How much tonight, Jeanne," he asked.

"Two hundred will do this time," she informed him, cheerfully. "Then you won't be bothered with me for a week."

"And suppose I tell you I haven't got that much to spare?" he asked.

"Well, you'll just think a little hell has broke loose, that's all!" she threatened. "Come across, and no nonsense. The police would like to know some of the things I know. And, remember—a full account of your doings reposes in a safety deposit vault. A newspaper man has orders to open it and read, if three days passes without me reporting to him." She regarded his slowness with impatience. The long, black jet earrings she wore began to shake as tho they, too, were becoming angry. "What do you say?" she demanded.

"All right," he answered.

Slowly he reached among the folds of his dragon embroidered silk robe and brought out a roll of bills. More slowly still he began counting them off. She regarded him with amusement. "The Master!" she taunted. Suddenly she reached out her hand and snatched the money. "You're too slow," she laughed. "I think I'll take it all and buy enough hop to keep me doped for a week. Then, look out for my newspaper friend and the police."

She stooped and stowed away the roll of bills, pulling a scarlet silk garter securely above it. "Good-by, my Master," she jeered, as she changed a black leather bag from one wrist to the other.

Across the street tom-toms beat time to the monotonous wailing of a shrill, one-string fiddle. Monty Grier leaned out the window of the Far East restaurant and gazed with unseeing eyes thru the strings of electric bulbs at the crowds of pleasure-seekers on the pavement below. Monty was drunk. Monty had been drunk since the day he gave up all hope of ever seeing Jeanne again.

A waiter with heelless grass slippers clicking the floor moved among the pearl-inlaid tables and made his way to Monty's side. "Glo home!" he said, shaking him roughly. "No can sleep here."

"Yes can Cholly," Monty mouthed, thickly. "I'm doin' ver' nicely, thank you. Shleep anywhere I want to."

The waiter brought a special officer, and the officer called a patrol.

Jeanne watched with anguished heart as they dragged the drunken man thru the mud of the street and loaded him into the wagon.

"Unclean! Unclean," she muttered to herself. "Yes—I'm rotten to the core now, thanks to these yellow devils. My soul is a leprous thing. Oh, Monty, my dearest—my dearest!"

* * *

Silk Threaded Thru a Hair.

A BALTIMORE watchmaker recently performed the delicate operation of drilling a microscopic hole thru a human hair and then threading it with a minute strand of silk. As nearly as it is possible to determine, the hole is approximately 1-3,600 inch in diameter. The feat was accomplished in an hour, during which time four hairs were broken in unsuccessful attempts at the work.

The hair was stretched taut between two pins and over a white ground, covering a working-block. It was also pressed to the block with a pair of hairspring tweezers to prevent it from rolling. The point of the finest needle obtainable was ground down until it was a mere nothing and then placed in a jewelers' pin-vise to enable its being used.

In centering the instrument squarely in the middle of the hair, the man rested his chin on the work-bench, stretched his arms out so that they were practically at rest and then held his breath. This was done to steady the hand holding the instrument sufficiently for the work. After the hole had been cut thru the hair the threading operation was performed.

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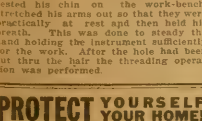

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The Vision of Jeremiah

(Concluded From Page 2)

Jump's voice assumed a low pitch. "I had a vision. I saw a man leading the big horse by a rope and he held up his hand to me.

"'How many races will he win before he loses one?' I asked the man.

"'Listen and you'll know,' says he, and then I woke up.

"I lay a minute or two thinkin' how I could hear anything say how often a horse would win if the man with him wouldn't say, when I heard the clock strike five in the shop. Keckler, I jumps right out o' bed. That was the answer: five times. I've watched the paper and he's won four races without losing one. He runs the fifth today, and he must win that. It's fate."

"Pity you never bet on 'im," remarked Mr. Keckler, stifling a yawn.

"I never have any money," replied Mr Jump morosely. "My wife takes every cent that comes in. Why the day I went to the Beach she only let me take my car fare and a nickel."

"Donnerwetter," exclaimed Mr. Keckler, "I'd a died of thirst."

The needle flew thru the cloth and Mr. Keckler sat upright in his chair. Mrs. Jump entered the shop from the kitchen. A large woman, red faced and loud toned, she moved so aggressively that her skirts caused small cyclones that swirled about shreds in the shop.

"Fine day," remarked Mr. Keckler amicably.

"For work; yes," retorted Mrs. Jump.

Mrs. Jump was always busy and hated drones as she did roaches. "I'm going to the store," she said, sharply, to her husband. "If the garbage man comes while I'm out ask him what he's paid to break up people's boxes what pays taxes to pay him his wages"

LEAVING her husband to ponder over this somewhat obscure commission, Mrs. Jump departed, with a derogatory sniff towards Mr. Keckler. By the time her buxom form was hidden in Bressler's store the tailor shop door opened and Burgunder came in. Mr. Jump arose obsequiously. Burgunder owned a large second-hand furniture business and was well off. He was also a customer.

"I owe you $10, Jump," he said. "You were to call for it on Saturday, but I'll be away, so I'll pay you now"

Mr. Jump wrote out a receipt, thanked him and laid the note on the table. He was wrestling with a fierce temptation. Mrs. Jump, of course, would know nothing of the payment of the money. She would expect Jump to collect it on Saturday, three days away. Suppose he bet this money on Little Minch? It was an edict of fate that the horse must win the race, hence there was no risk. He could pocket the winnings and hold the $10 dollars until Saturday.

"Keckler!" he almost whispered.

The gentleman, preparatory to leaving, was adjusting his hat before the glass.

"Keckler!" called Jump, in a quavering voice, and then, as a man might act when keyed up to a desperate action, he rushed to his visitor and crammed the note into his hand

"Go, Keckler," he gasped, "go to the poolroom and bet this on Little Minch. Go!" and he pushed the astonished Mr. Keckler into the street.

Mr. Jump climbed on his table and then leaped off as if burned. What had he done? Suppose——? He rushed to the door to call Keckler back, but while that gentleman was yet in reach of his voice, so also was Mrs. Jump returning from the store. He hastily resumed his seat on the table and wondered if his wife would hear how his heart was beating

Two hours later Mr. Keckler strolled calmly towards Mr. Jump's shop. A glance discovering that the proprietor was alone, he entered and handed Mr. Jump a card.

"It's on," he said. "I wish you luck."

As the words left his lips the click of the kitchen door knob gave evidence of the approach of Mrs. Jump. Without looking at the card Jump placed it hastily within the order book that lay on the table

"Here again?" remarked Mrs. Jump, on entering and addressing Mr. Keckler.

"I thought I had left something," responded Mr. Keckler abashed.

"I didn't suppose you had anything to leave," retorted the matron, acidly.

Keckler darted off and Mrs. Jump sat down to sew. Her [illegible] on the table, worked wit[illegible] at his vitals. W[illegible] should open the order book and behold the card? It was an unpleasant two hours for Mr. Jump while his wife calmly sewed.

Boys began shouting the evening paper in the [illegible]. It was too early for race news and Jump did not heed the cries, but his wife bought a copy. Presently the clamor was "All the race news," and Jump bought a paper from the first boy who poked his head in the shop.

"Did you see me buy one?" asked Mrs. Jump, scornfully.

"Thought there might be some late news," replied Jump, timidly.

Covertly he scanned the race column The room seemed to whirl around, the floor to upheave. Little Minch had been beaten. He was a bad tip.

In limp hopelessness sat Jump. Under his eyelids he glanced at his wife. How portentous she looked. How much more portentous would she look Saturday when he must confess the use of the money.

"Nothing is true," thought Jump, in his despair "There's no fate, no God, no anything."

Mrs. Jump arose to repair to the kitchen and Jump snatched the ticket out of the book to destroy it What—"6 to 1 against Little Minch"' The odds in the paper were 7 to 5. He scrutinized the card. The name was not "Little Minch," but "Little Minnie." Keckler had backed the wrong horse

He looked over the paper to see how Keckler had made such an error. Little Minnie had run at Latonia and—God in Heaven—she had won. The money was his.

He snatched up his hat and tore out of the shop, leaving the door open.

It had been a timid, brow-beaten Jump that had sat a quarter of an hour ago on the table. It was a stiff-spined, confident Jump that walked back from the poolroom with $60 of his own in his trouser's pocket and the ten-dollar bill in his pocketbook.

"I found the shop empty and the door open," cried Mrs. Jump, sharply, as he entered. "Where have you been?"

"Out!" replied Jump, curtly

"The work won't finish itself," snapped his wife.

"D—n the work!" said Jump.

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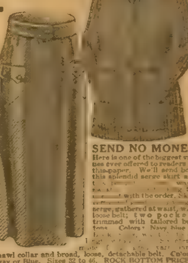

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Locked in the Sea

(Continued From Page 5)

And at sea, too? During the war the Germans had wanted it for their submarines, but Asher could not imagine how revolutionists in that part of the world could need gasoline so badly that they were willing to resort to kidnaping and murder to get it. The thing was too preposterous.

For a moment Asher's thoughts strayed to pirates—to a species of superpirates who ravaged the seas in submarines. But it was only for a moment. Such a supposition was even more fantastic than the one about the Germans.

Still, something was undoubtedly afoot. And it was no small thing either!

Step by step Asher reviewed all that had happened. Undoubtedly the officers and crew of the Oldenburg (and perhaps the officers of the whole Rockton line) were involved in the plot, whatever it was. Otto Hand was probably a sailor on the Oldenburg or some other ship of the line. At all events, he must have discovered that the Oldenburg was going to carry important supplies on the trip that she had just completed; and he must have learned that the people who were engineering the business were desperate because of Ann Rockton's determination to go along. Furthermore, the supplies that the Oldenburg was to take must have been very important and been urgently needed, or their shipment would simply have been postponed. Otto, knowing for what they were to be used, had perhaps grown squeamish and had turned against his former associates and tried to get word to him and incidentally to Ann Rockton. Fearing that his message might have been intercepted, he had tried to reach Asher's rooms in person and had lost his life in the attempt. So much was fairly plain.

But Otto, when dying, had said nothing about Ann, and indeed he had told Lottie to [illegible] her only after she had given the note to Asher. That looked as if his real news concerned something much greater than the life of one woman. . . .

What could it be? Once more Asher found himself flat against a wall of mystery.

Unable to find even a tentative explanation Asher's thoughts reverted to the Germans. Could their often suspected and widely sought for submarine base on the west side of the Atlantic be a reality? Could it still exist? Could it be serving as a center from which some great attack was being organized? Asher knew that some of the big German submarines had not been surrendered and had not been accounted for. Could they be at this base? And what in thunder were the Boches hoping to do with them, anyhow?

Once more Asher opened his pocketbook and scanned again the three short parts of lines that were all that remained of Otto's note: "ki have a b . . . . heart of the sar. . . . reach it by a . . ." But once more he shook his head. The note threw no light on the problem. Regretfully he put it away and turned again to his reflections.

The rest of the story was, he speedily decided, very simple. Willingly or unwillingly, openly or secretly, Zetta had left New York on the ship with Ann. Probably Lottie Dare was also a passenger or a prisoner on board. Sometime and somewhere on the way south, either before or after the United States torpedo boat had interviewed Captain Wirt and (supposedly) Ann—perhaps only a moment before Vera Cruz was reached—Ann had been imprisoned or done away with; and Zetta had taken her place.

OF ZETTA he scarcely dared to think. It seemed incredible that she could have been forced to do things she had done. And yet, unless she had been acting under duress, why should she find it necessary to appeal to him to save her—to him, of all people in the world, whom she had seen but once in all her life before. Asher's heart leaped at the thought. . . .

Then Joe's discovery of the "big black man" came back to him. Could he have engineered the note? Could it be a trap? Could Zetta be playing false? . . . No! A thousand times, no! Too well he remembered the look he had seen flashed across her face when she had recognized him in the hotel lobby. He could interpret it now. It was joy, joy at the sight of salvation. He was sure of it!

Perhaps her captors—Asher thought of them as captors now—perhaps her captors had seen her give Joe the note and had therefore tried to get her away safely before Joe could give it to him or before he could act on it. That would explain the premature departure of the train. Asher knew well that the German influence in Mexico was great, even preponderant. . . . Yes. German interference would explain everything that had happened from the very first.

Asher turned to Joe and explained the conditions as he had thought them out. "And one thing, Joe," he finished. "Don't make any mistake about that 'big black man.' If things are as I think they are, we're up against a big thing; and that man is probably the head of it. And he'll fight. All his people will fight. If he wouldn't fight you in the hotel or in the Jardin it was because he wasn't ready. He'll be ready some time—and you'd better be ready then, too, or it's good-by. He won't show you any mercy."

Joe's face had gradually lighted up as Asher proceeded, but he made no attempt to interrupt. Silently he listened, in growing rapture. "Say! You don't mean it?" he cried at last. "Doggone sister Mary's cats, if this ain't the doggondest luck! Say! If I can get that fellow to make just one misguided bluff when I'm around. I'll have him shoveling coal in St. Peter's cellar squad before he can wink a single wunk. There ain't no closed season for skunks."

"There is for this particular skunk, Joe. He's mine."

"Your'n?"

"Yes! He's the man that choked me when I was tied up. Leave him to me, Joe."

"Oh! All right, if you say so." Joe spoke sulkily. "But I reckon you're forgettin' that he went an' pestered Lottie some."

"No! I haven't forgotten." Asher took his eyes from the road long enough to glance at Joe. "And I haven't forgotten Miss Dare, either. If I haven't said anything about her lately, it wasn't because I wasn't thinking of her. I don't believe she is very far away, Joe. I'm really beginning to believe that she came down here with Miss Rockton on the Oldenburg, and that when we find Miss Rockton or Miss Thorndyke we'll find Miss Dare with them. So cheer up, old man."

"Oh! All right. Just as you say. Hello! There's the smoke of that engine again."

The car had been pursuing the train for a good deal more than an hour now; and its occupants had several times been cheered by the sight of a less and less distant streamer of smoke, o[illegible]ously from its funnel, that lay along the foothills of the high country that rose steeply from the coastal plain. For perhaps half an hour the smoke had been entirely hidden behind a line of foothills, thru a gap in which the car had been climbing. Now that it was nearly out of the pass the smoke once more rose in plain sight apparently only a few hundred yards or so distant, behind the crest of a small hill.

Asher saw it as soon as Joe did, and he drew a deduction from it even quicker. "The smoke is going straight up," he exclaimed. "The train's stopped. I wonder why?"

A moment later the car rounded the end of the ridge and the reason for the stoppage was plain.

A section of track had been torn up and in the middle of this the engine, overturned, lay on its side. Upon it and upon the ground near by were piled the shattered remains of two or three cars, from which a thick column of smoke was lazily rising. Farther back, still on the track, but showing signs of severe handling, stood the rest of the train. On the ground, lay what at first glance looked like a dozen or more bundles of rags, around each of which a little throng of Mexicans was gathered. A sound of women wailing pervaded everything.

It needed no words to tell that bandits had wrecked and plundered the train.

As the car with Asher and Joe rushed up, the survivors raised their heads and stared stupidly, obviously not yet recovered from the shock of the wreck.

Nowhere, however, was Zetta visible.

Asher, reading the signs, understood instantly what had happened to her and, in one blinding flash of illumination he understood why Zetta had been substituted for Ann. He did not need to ask what had become of Zetta. He knew that she had been carried off.

The plan was not futile! It was risky, but not futile. If it had succeeded Ann would have been reported as being present at the hotel and as having left on the train for Mexico City. Bandits would have been reported as having wrecked the train and carried her away—later, probably as having killed her. And the tragedy—if tragedy it were—that had taken place on the Oldenburg would not even be suspected. The only risk that the conspirators had to run lay in the possible appearance, in Vera Cruz, on that one day, of some one who knew Ann Rockton too well to be deceived by the young woman masquerading under her name. And this eventuality they had risked.

And they had lost.

Yes! They had lost. But that did not mean that Ann had been saved! Perhaps—perhaps—

Asher's fingers tightened till his nails bit into the flesh. "Ann could not be dead!" he told himself. "She should not be dead." But, if she were—if she were—he would take bitter vengeance on those who had harmed her.

But for the moment he must forget Ann and remember Zetta. She had been carried off! . . . What would her captors do with her now? Would they take her back with them to exact from her further service? Or would they follow the German policy of sacrificing their agents the moment they had no further use for them? Asher did not know. But he feared. He must follow Zetta fast. And he must follow her not only for her own sake, but for Ann's sake. To find Zetta was the first step toward finding Ann.

FIRST of all he must look for her companions—for Captain Wirt and for the "big black man"—if he, too, had been on board the train? A word to Joe, and the two men sprang from the auto and hurried down the line of the cars that still stood on the track. Asher going thru them and Joe going along them on the ground, looking and questioning.

Little by little they learned the facts. Yes! This man and that man remembered La Americana and El Capitan who was with her. No; they had not been hurt when the bandits wrecked the train, but they had been carried away. "General" Gonzales, the bandit chief, had taken the senorita. El Capitan had protested and had even fought, despite the pistols of the bandits; and he, too, had been carried away with the other senoritas Mexicanas. Ah! Yes! Of a truth all the young women on the train had been carried away. . . . As he was taken El Capitan had called to those who were left to take word to Vera Cruz that the Senorita Rockton had been stolen. Yes! They have gone in that direction, yonder! Where was their hiding place? Ah! "Quien sabe, senor?" Bandits had not been in the neighborhood before for months. There were plenty farther to the north, along the American border; and there were more at Tampico, where the gringoes had incited them by paying them a monthly toll that enabled them to defy El Presidente Carranza. But near Vera Cruz? No, Senor. . . . How many were there? Of a truth it was difficult to say. They were many—fifty, perhaps; perhaps more. Assuredly El Presidente would send soldiers after them when he heard. But he would not hear soon, for the wires were very bad. Moreover, there were few soldiers near; all of them were on the frontiers, where the accursed insurrectos . . .

And so the tale ran. Pieced together it was evident to Asher that a band of bandits had made a raid far south of their usual haunts for the especial purpose of carrying off the pretended Ann Rockton. If this were so, and Asher believed that it was, then the real Ann Rockton must have blundered into the midst of some tremendously important operation. Nothing else could explain the elaborate machinery devised and used to make way with her "without leaving a trace" of those who were really guilty of her taking off.

Asher heard the tale with knitted brows. Then he looked around. . . . But there was very plainly nothing to be done at the scene of the wreck. The dead were dead; the living were alive; and there were no wounded. At least the bandits had been mercifully sudden and definitive. For the rest, some one—Asher did not delay to ask who it was—had actually induced the other survivors to push the uninjured cars backward, out of reach of the flames that were consuming the remains of the engine and the contiguous cars. Asher saw that he was not needed at the train and that he was free to do what he chose.

Swiftly he turned to Joe.

"Joe!" he said. "I'm going after Miss Thorndyke. I want you to take the car and go back to Vera Cruz as quick as you can and ——"

Joe's lower jaw dropped and he stared at Asher with distended eyes. "Who? Me?" he cried. "Me go back to town an' leave you to have all the fun. Say! If you weren't my commanding officer I'd tell you to go plumb to ——."

But Asher threw up his hand. "You must do as I ask, Joe," he reiterated. "There's nobody else that I can trust with a message. Get back and find the consul and tell him everything. Tell him to do what he thinks is best, but tell him to be sure to catch Captain Wirt if he comes back to his ship. And he'll come back, all right; believe me! His capture was mere camouflage! As for fuss—well! You won't miss any, Joe. I'm not going to fight. I'm going to diplomatize. There wouldn't be any use in fighting. There are too many of the bandits. Please go, Joe."

Joe actually pouted, like a schoolgirl. "Oh! Well! If you put it that way," he

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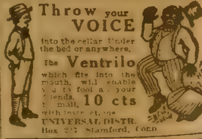

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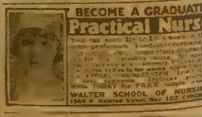

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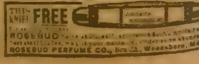

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ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box [illegible], Woodsboro, Md.

grumbled. Then with a sudden changed tone he burst out: "Say! Whyn't you wait an' let us all go after 'em together? Who'n h—l do you think you're goin' after so darned previous any way? There ain't no friends of our'n bein' carried off. That Thorndyke girl's with her own friends, an' they ain't goin' to hurt her none."

"We don't know that, Joe." Asher dissent was sharp. She's a prisoner—under compulsion of some sort. I'd stake my life on it. The note she gave you said 'save me.' And, by the eternal! I'm going to save her, Joe. No woman ever called to me for help and didn't get it. And this woman isn't going to be any exception. Besides—" Asher's voice dropped—"besides, Joe, I want her to tell me where Miss Rockton and Miss Dare are to be found. Unless we save her, we'll never find the other girls. I'm sure of it. So—" Asher paused expressively.

Joe nodded. "All right," he agreed, miserably. "All right! But look here, maje! You just take my last tip: If you don't leave some of them bandits for me darned if I don't lick thunder out of you the next time I see you. Get that, maje? . . .' . All right! Remember it. . . . I'm off."

Joe turned away and marched off toward the car, with rebellion showing in every curve of his shoulders. Into the seat he flung himself and threw on the self-starter. But as the car shot away he leaned out and waved his hand.

Asher, still standing where Joe had left him, waved back. Then, turning sharply, he strode away to the head of the train, to the beginning of the trail of the bandits.

In the next installment Major Asher will undoubtedly face dangers entirely unlike, and more thrilling, perhaps, than any encountered in France as an "ace" of the air. Anyway, readers of the story, exciting as it is at its present stage, can be assured that from now—on—there'll be thrills a-plenty. Part IV. in next week's Ledger.

Saturday the Fifteenth

(Continued From Page 9)

passed, and another. During that period neither of the nocturnal occupants of the Green Front Grocery made a sound. And then, when his nerves were about unstrung by the tedious uncertainty of the situation, a faint noise, not difficult to locate, reached the clerk's strained ear drums. It came from the direction of the storeroom.

It was repeated, a little louder, and this time Habberton recognized what caused it. A key was turning in the back door lock!

"Who in the mischief!" he exclaimed silently in fresh alarm, as the storeroom door was softly opened, then closed again, the spring lock clicking. "What shall I do? I'm between two fires!"

His situation was not enviable. If this newest comer should venture into the main store he dreaded to surmise the outcome. He could put up a fight, of course, but with the likelihood that there would be two against him——

A tiny pencil of light stole thru the connecting doorway to the storeroom, and roamed on, beyond the end of the counter.

Habberton's blood froze as almost silent footsteps approached the doorway.

IV.

A STRANGE jangle of thoughts crowded thru the overworked brain of the clerk cruching behind the counter. He dared not move, for fear the sound would reach the man who waited at the other side of the store. And if he could not move, how on earth could he escape detection should the latest arrival turn his flashlight along the lane behind the counter? Habberton wished that he might be on the other side of the bread crate. Then there might be a possibility of the other's passing by him without suspecting his presence.

Tensely he watched the ray from the flash. Suddenly it vanished, and his ears told him that some one had come thru the door and even now was at the back end of the counter. The critical moment had arrived. Would he go beyond the counter, or would he come down behind it?

Perspiration stood out at Habberton's temples. The decisive second seemed to the tortured man a century. Then the suspense was over. The figure moved on, and veered toward the front of the store, but on the customer-side of the long counter.

A load was lifted from the clerk's mind. All idea that the two strangers in the Green Front had entered with the intent to trap him evaporated. He was convinced that neither had the slightest knowledge of his presence.

Habberton marveled at the lightness of the latest comer's tread. He was aware that he already had passed his station and must be near the front of the store. Yet his ears had little to do with making the fact known.

Habberton ventured to raise his head slightly above the bread crate. In a second the pencil of light appeared, focused on the door of the glass-inclosed office. Obviously this fellow knew just what he was about, and wasted little time in getting it over with.

The clerk raised himself a little higher, and saw the office door open noiselessly. A dark figure must have slipped thru the aperture, for almost immediately he heard the door close. Then he ducked, for a new sound had reached him. The man who had intrigued him so, earlier in the evening, had apparently come to life, and was making his way cautiously from his station across the store toward the office.

When Habberton felt assured that that was his destination, he decided to venture forth again. This time he stood erect behind the bread crate. The light flashed on in the office, and this time the clerk observed that its beam was focused on the door of Wheeler's safe.

"Thunder!" he muttered in consternation "Am I to be done out of it after all?"

Something dark masked a portion of the office door, and Habberton realized that it must be the man who had entered the store by the the front door, taking in proceedings in the office at close range. The silhouette did not cut off entirely Habberton's view of the safe, however, on which the light was steadily shining.

No doubt the intruder had laid it on the desk, with its beam pointing in the right direction, for the watching clerk caught sight of a pair of unincumbered fingers fingering the dial.

Fascinatedly he watched the silent pantomime. But tho he strained his eyes till they pained him, he was unable to glimpse the features of the man working at the safe, nor those of the figure silently peering thru the office door. For twenty minutes the picture, small but distinct, of the nervously working hands, continued. Then occurred a pause, followed by a seeming miracle. The door of the Green Front grocery strong box swung suddenly open.

A hand reached in and withdrew what Habberton with chagrin instantly recognized as the leather wallet Winslow had left with his employer only that afternoon. But the drama was not over yet. The thief seemed in no hurry now.

In the light of the flash, Habberton watched him open the wallet and extract what appeared to be a packet of small white envelopes.

"Well, I'll be switched!" he muttered in amazement. "That doesn't look much like money to me."

A few tiny parcels wrapped in brown paper came next from the wallet, and from his limited view, Habberton believed that they found their way to the pockets of the mysterious stranger in the office. But a greater mystery was to confront him.

The wallet emptied, one hand of the operator vanished for an instant, then reappeared in the circle of light with a thick roll of what for all the world resembled paper money. Habberton dropped to the bread crate in astonishment. "He's taken something out and put money in!" he told himself inn [illegible] "What sort of a game have I bumped into, [illegible]"

Again he rose to watch the strange goings-on. The wallet was being closed, and with a queer surge of reviving hope, the clerk witnessed the almost unbelievable return of the wallet to the safe's interior.

A second later the door clanged shut, and the light disappeared. Quietly the office door began to open, and at the same instant the whole store was flooded with light.

V

DAZED by the sudden glare of the store's entire battery of incandescents, Habberton, taken utterly unaware, could not on the spur of the moment decide what to do. Fortunately, neither of the actors in the drama at the office door was looking in his direction.

"What the——" cried the man just emerging from the office, drawing back defensively at sight of the weapon in the hand of the man who had sprung the trap.

"Your game's up, Lancaster," replied the other quietly, and suddenly the clerk standing behind the bread crate recognized him. He was Cole, the gentleman who had been discussing Winslow with Wheeler not so many noons ago.

The man framed in the doorway was a stranger to Habberton, tho his name sounded vaguely familiar. All this flashed thru his befuddled mind in a second or two, and he realized that tho neither man had seen him up to now, he was likely to be discovered at any instant. Wisely he dropped silently down out of sight, behind the friendly crate.

"Pretty clever scheme, all right," commented Cole, "and it did pull the wool over our eyes for a time. We've been on your track for some time, tho, Lancaster. And the fact that you clerked at the Green Front few years ago, and therefore were thoroly familiar with the inside of the store, made me jump to the conclusion that somehow you were using it as a rendezvous."

That was it! The familiarity of the name, Lancaster, was plain as day to Habberton now. Lancaster had been discharged for dishonesty of some sort shortly before Franklin was hired. Tho he never had met the man, he had heard a lot about him from fellow clerks.

"You and Winslow never wanted to be seen together," Cole went on, "so you fixed on this arrangement. A key to the back door, and the ability to get into a safe as antique in construction as the one I interestedly watched you open and little more was required. Winslow comes in late Saturday with a supply of the stuff, has Mr. Wheeler deposit it in his safe, and you call for it late at night, leaving the money to

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FREE

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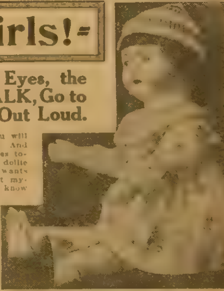

-Hello, Girls!-

I Am Betty Blue Eyes, the Doll That Can WALK, Go to SLEEP and CRY Out Loud.

I want to come to you. I know you will give me a nice home and loving care. And I am sure we will have the best times together, for I always try to be a good dollie and do just what my play mamma wants me to do. I don't like to brag about myself, but to get acquainted you should know what I am like.

GIVEN
FREE!

First of all, I can walk, which is something very few dollies can do. All you need to do is to lead me by the hand to keep me from falling, and I will step right along. But if I should fall I would cry, right out loud, just like this, "Wa-a W-a-a," for I have a strong loud voice (this is something else other dollies can't do).

Then, of course, I can go to sleep and wake up, wink with either one eye or both, have lustrous brown hair (it is bobbed, too, like real little girls), have movable [illegible] and legs, and come all prettily dressed in a beautiful flowered organdie dress, [illegible] slippers, and the cutest little knitted cap you ever saw. I am 13 inches tall, [illegible] stand alone, and am sure you have no other dollies just like me.

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Dear Betty Blue Eyes. I want you and promise you a good home. Send me the 10 beautiful art pictures to distribute on your easy plan so I can get you free and postpaid.

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pay for it in Winslow's wallet. Clever, I call it but [illegible]

"Who in [illegible]" demanded the man in the doorway.

"Who in thunder are you?" demanded the man in the doorway.

"Cole—State narcotic squad," replied the other complacently.

Now at last Habberton understood. So Winslow was [illegible] member of the drug ring! That's how he secured his bulging wallets of bills. Tainted money! Bah! What cared he for the taint? Once let him get his hands on it, and——

"We'll get Winslow when he calls for his wallet Monday morning," Cole continued. "As for tonight, if you're ready to accompany me quietly, what do you say if we move on?"

Habberton could not hear Lancaster's reply, but it must have been affirmative, for two minutes later the store went dark, and the front door clanged shut after Cole and his quarry.

VI.

HABBERTON could have leaped with joy when they had gone. "You poor rummy!" he addressed the absent Cole. "You could have defeated me as easy as ABC. Instead, you've beat it with Lancaster and left the wallet in the safe! Mighty lucky for me that I came as early as I did! If I hadn't been wise to the lay of the land I'd have been more than stung. Even if Cole hadn't been here and I'd attempted the job before Lancaster's arrival, what good would it have done me? Dope! A lot of use I could have made with it! Little old Franklin, you've played in the best of luck from start to finish!"

He got to his feet and recovered his flashlight. Walking past the bread crate he made his way tranquilly along behind the counter, rounded its end and grasped the knob of the office door. He was filled with elation. All danger was past. Two or three minutes more and the deed would be done

Stepping into the office, he listened for a moment, to make sure that no late pedestrian was passing, then placed his pocket flash on the bookkeeper's desk as Lancaster must have done with his, and pressed on the light. Securing it, he adjusted the flash so that its circle of light rested full on the numbered dial of the safe.

Swiftly he got on his knees before the iron box, and as rapidly as possible picked out the simple combination: "One—two—three—four." Arising, he tugged at the knob, and stepped back in triumph. The door swung noiselessly open.

The leather wallet lay just as Lancaster had placed it. Gloatingly Habberton reached for it, opened it and drew forth its contents on the flat desk top. It contained a single roll of bills, but he observed lightheartedly that the outer one was of the fifty-dollar denomination.

He slipped off the surrounding rubber band, spread the bills out flat, and began to thumb them over. His eyes greedily alight, he counted to five hundred dollars. His total reached a thousand before he was half thru the packet. "Eleven hundred and fifty," he was murmuring, when he imagined he heard a sound from without.

Instantly he shut off the light, and listened intently for a moment. Nothing ensued to arouse his suspicion. "Must have been my guilty conscience," he laughed, and again flashed on the light to resume counting.

But in an instant he dropped the packet of bills in a panic. This time he was positive the sound he heard was not his imagination working overtime. Very distinct it was, and just outside the office door.

The light extinguished, he straightened himself rigidly, prepared for any emergency. Was some one watching him thru the glass pane of the office door. Of course he was invisible now, but when his light had been on?

For the second time that Saturday night Franklin Habberton was taken utterly unaware by the sudden flashing on of the Green Front grocery's incandescents. And glaring as their strength was, he was not sufficiently dazzled to recognize the face that peered in at him thru the glass.

"Wheeler!" he exclaimed in dismay.

Walter Wheeler it was, his 50-year-old face wearing a sardonic smile. The smile exerted a maddening influence over the baffled clerk. He must not let Wheeler frustrate his plan. He'd—kill him first. Frenziedly he looked about him for a weapon. The tubular flashlight was the nearest thing to hand. He seized it and turned to the door, only to fall back, baffled at what he saw.

A warning look had appeared in his employer's gray eyes, and the vicious-looking muzzle of an automatic pistol was pressed close against the glass pane. A hand, poising a silver-plated whistle, went to Wheeler's lips, and a shrill blast split the quiet and aroused eerie echoes in the spacious store.

Again Wheeler's expression became sardonic. The door knob turned and he entered the office, Habberton retreating before him, falling nervelessly into a chair beyond the desk.

"That's better," said his employer quietly, seating himself on a corner of the desk. "The police will be here in a minute or two, and there's no need to create a disturbance now. It would only make matters worse."

An outwitted look in his eyes, Habberton fired a question. "How on earth did you happen to arrive?" He hardly expected an answer.

"I've been here all evening," replied Wheeler blandly. "No, not in connection with the little affair Cole pulled off here to watch for his man. But I imagined I might have a little luck, too. I hated to think that it must be you or Finley, but——"

"You mean to say that you——"

"You were the only two who had the opportunity to alter the combination," his employer went on, unruffled. "But as soon as Cole turned on the lights I learned that it was you, Habberton. You see, there was a crack in the top of the bread crate I was hiding in, and you were standing right over it."

"But the combination," queried the befuddled Habberton. "How could you know it was changed? I watched you on and off all afternoon. You never went near the safe. And after closing time you locked it. I can't understand ——"

"You forget, Habberton, that I came to the office while you were out to lunch. It was then that I discovered that some one had been up to something off color."

"But——"

"No doubt your knowledge that Tobias Winslow left his wallet here every Saturday night prompted you to make your attempt on a Saturday," said Walter Wheeler, his eyes lighting up, as the sound of rapidly approaching feet was heard outside. "You knew Winslow's schedule, but you weren't sufficiently acquainted with mine.

"Shortly after 1 o'clock this afternoon I went to change the combination myself, and found that some one else had saved me the trouble. You weren't aware, were you, Habberton, that I always change the combination on the fifteenth of the month? I thought not. Fortunately, this fifteenth happened to fall on Saturday. But suppose we let the officer in."

What Is Your Problem?

(Continued From Page 2)

headdress and high heels give the figure a taller appearance.

M. B.: Tell her of your love for her and ask her to become engaged to you and that as soon as you can get your affairs into a shape where you can take a wife without making her want for things you two will get married. You will find much greater happiness as an engaged couple than unengaged.

OTTOLOVE: I am sure you wrote me some time ago and your letter has now been answered. If you will look thru your Ledgers for a week or two back, you will find it answered. It may be that the young man's family has promised to send him to college or to do something wonderful for him if he gives you up. Or he may have met some stunning young woman whose attention he wants to call to himself and he wants her to notice that he is lonely. If this is the case, the chances are that the infatuation will burn itself out and he will realize that he really loves you. I so wish I could help you more. I feel so sorry about your grieving. Remember, however, that you are very, very young.

E. B. P.: "Miss X, I want Mr. Y to meet you, or Mr. Y, I want you to meet Miss X," or simply, "Miss X, Mr. Y." It is not good form and it is dangerous to acknowledge or reciprocate an introduction when it's a stranger who introduces himself to you unless it is among club-members or neighbors or church-members. Then you can respond by saying, "I am Elsie Baker," or "I am Ernest Boman."

BLUE EYES: You are ambitious, and if there is any way at all for you to induce your parents to let you continue your schooling, do it. Maybe you have not gone at it the right way. Maybe you are too high and mighty about it and they feel hurt. Maybe if you are a little more humble and sweet to your parents, they will feel different about it. Tell them all you will do for them when you get to earning money and during vacations.

MISS M. V. A.: Read last month's article on blackheads. As for the young man, if he seems to want to know if you love him, there is absolutely no harm in letting him know. But do not just say, "I love you" out of the clear sky or unless he asks you if you do. It is "perfectly alright" to call on your friends with this young man. It is all right to go for a walk or drive and for him to take you as far as your gate. I wish for you the best of happiness. Just make sure that your parents have no legitimate reason for objecting to him, which might, you know, be the case.

MISS UNHAPPY: To win the young man back, just disappear, and as long as you are interested in becoming a trained nurse, that's the very thing for you to do. Eighteen is the age, but many girls slip thru at 17. You will find hospital life hard work, but so interesting that you will dread the time when your diploma will make you leave. You will meet all sorts of interesting people and—I'm afraid you will lose interest in the young man. Good luck, dear.

MRS. H. M.: The fluid curls the hair without your having to do it up. I am sorry I am not allowed to give any such names, but you write to Fuller-Morrison wholesale drug house of Chicago, or any other wholesale drug house and describe this fluid as you just did to me, and ask them the name of a retail drug store near you which handles it, ask the retail price, and when you send for it finally, enclose a money order for the amount with your letter. You're welcome.

TOO FAT: Try doing without any potatoes or wheat bread. If you eat lots of candy or pastry or butter or cream and can do without these also, so much the quicker. See my article two or three weeks back on pimples and blackheads. Square fingernails are not at all attractive and can be made more graceful by growing rounded points on the ends.

LOVESICK: It is possible for the man to change and fall in love with the "old flapper." As for the wild boy who makes copies of one letter for several girls, all you have to do with that kind is to pay more attention to him than the other girls and he will love you the best. As for the boy who got angry over a trifle and won't give in and speak first, and you really want to speak, just do any foolish little thing such as sneaking up behind him and popping a piece of candy into his mouth. If he then acts rude, it is your time to freeze up and don't notice him at all until he apologizes. Yes, most men like bobbed hair I find.

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Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

(Continued From Page 6)

going to burn you out an' be quit of you!"

He got an answer he little expected. For Hampton, running out into the open, now that he knew that Bud and Judith must be in the cabin, was firing as he came. Burkitt's rifle spoke with his.

"Run for it, Shorty!" yelled Quinnion. "You know where. We're up against the Blue Lake boys."

"Bud!" shouted Tommy. "Oh, Bud!"

"In the cabin," came Bud's ringing answer. "Give it to 'em, Tommy! Coming!"

With his words came the sound of the door snapping back against the wall, the reports of Tommy's rifle and Hampton's pumping hot lead after two racing forms.

"They'll get away!" shouted Hampton, a sudden red rage upon him. "Curse it! It's too dark——"

Then Tommy gave over shooting and yelled to Lee to hold his fire. For instead of two there were three flying forms, three fast-racing, blurring, shadowy shapes merging with the night. Pollock Hampton, his rifle clubbed in his hand, was running with a college sprinter's speed after Quinnion and Shorty, calling breathlessly:

"Look out, they'll get away!"

Once Quinnion stopped to shoot back. The hissing lead went wide of the pursuer and he gave over firing and settled down to good, hard running, disappearing from Hampton's staring eyes. But Shorty was still to be seen, running heavily.

"Don't shoot, Bud!" cried Tommy again as two figures ran out of the cabin. "Hampton's out there—the crazy fool——"

"Hampton, come back!" shouted Lee, running after him.

But Hampton was gaining on the heavy-set Shorty and had no thought of coming back. Nor a thought of anything in all the wide world just then but overtaking the flying figure in front of him. Shorty stumbled over a fallen log and rose, cursing and calling:

"Chris! Lend a hand."

That little chance of an uprooted tree saved Hampton's life that night. Shorty, falling, had dropped his gun and hurt his knee. For a moment he groped wildly for the lost rifle, then ran on without it. Hampton cleared the log, and with a yell rather befitting a victorious savage than the young man whom Mrs. Langworthy hoped to call her son, threw his long arms about Shorty's neck.

"I got him!" shouted Hampton. "By glory——"

Shorty drove a big brutal fist smashing into his captor's face. But Hampton merely lowered his head, hiding it against Shorty's heaving shoulder, and tightened his grip. Shorty struggled to his feet, shaking at him, tearing at him, driving one fist after the other into Hampton's body. But with a grimness of purpose as new to him as was the whole of tonight's adventure Hampton held on.

Judith and Lee and Burkitt came to them as they were falling again. Now suddenly, with other hard hands upon him, Shorty relaxed, and Hampton, his face bloody, his body sore, sank back. He had done a mad thing—but triumph lay in that he had done it.

"A man never can tell," muttered Bud Lee, with less thought of the captive than of the captor—"never can tell."

"I am thinking," said Judith wonderingly, "that I never quite did you justice, Pollock Hampton!"

CHAPTER XIV.

SPRINGTIME AND A VISION.

HAMPTON'S captive, known to them only as Shorty, a heavy, surly man whose small, close-set eyes burned evilly under his pale brows, rode that night between Hampton and Judith down to the ranch-house. He maintained a stubborn silence after the first outburst of rage. His hands tied behind his back, a rope run round his waist and down on each side thru a cinch-ring, he sat idly humped forward, making no protest.

Burkitt and Lee, despite Judith's objections because of Lee's wounded leg, remained at the cabin with Bill Crowdy. Crowdy had lost a deal of blood, and tho he complained of little pain, was clearly in sore need of medical attention. Judith, coming to the bunk-side just before she left, assured him very gently she would send Doc Tripp to him immediately and, further, that she would telephone into Rocky Bend for a physician. Crowdy, like Shorty, refused to talk.

"Aw, shucks," he grunted as Lee demanded what influence had brought him with Shorty and Quinnion into this mad project, "let me alone, can't you?"

And Lee let him alone. He and Burkitt sat and smoked and so passed the remaining hours of a long night. The folly of seeking Quinnion in this thick darkness was so obvious that they gave no thought to it, impatiently awaiting the dawn and the coming of the men whom Judith would send.

The events of the rest of the night and of the morrow may be briefly told: Shorty's modest request of a glass of liquor was granted him. Then, his hands still bound securely by Carson, he was put in the small grain-house, a windowless, ten by ten house of logs An admirable jail this, with its heavy padlock snapped into a deeply embedded staple and the great hasp in place. The key safely in Judith's possession, Shorty was left to his own thoughts while Judith and Hampton went to the house.

In answer to Judith's call, Doc Tripp came without delay, left brief, disconcerting word that without the shadow of a doubt the hogs were stricken with cholera, and went on with his little bag to see what his skill could do for Bill Crowdy

"Ought to give him sulphur fumes," grunted Tripp. But his hands were very gentle with the wounded man for all that.

Pollock Hampton had no thought of sleep that night; didn't so much as go to bed. He lay on a couch in the living-room and Marcia Langworthy, tremendously moved at the recital Judith gave of Hampton's heroism, fluttered about him, playing nurse to her heart's delight. The major suggested that Hampton "have something," but Hampton promptly refused. Mrs. Langworthy complacently looked into the future and to the maturity of her own plans. In truth, good had come out of evil, and Marcia and Hampton held hands quite unblushingly.

Before daylight Carson, with half a dozen men, had breakfasted, saddled and was ready to ride to the Upper End to begin the search for Quinnion. But before he rode, Carson made the discovery that during the night the staple and hasp on the grainhouse door had been wrenched away and that Shorty was gone, leaving behind him no sign of the way of his going. Carson's face was a dull, brick red. Not yet had he brought himself to accept the full significance of events. A hold-up, such as Charlie Miller had experienced, is one thing; a continued series of incidents like these happening upon the confines of the Blue Lake ranch, was quite another. Hampton, knowing nothing of conditions in the mountains, had been quick to imagine the predicament in which he had found Judith and Bud Lee. To Carson that had been a thing not to be thought of. Now, only too plainly, he realized that Shorty had had an accomplice at the ranch headquarters who had come to his assistance.

Carson blamed himself for the escape. And yet, he growled to himself, in a mingling of shame and anger, it would have looked like plumb foolishness to sit out in front of that heavy door all night, when he himself had tied Shorty's hands.

"Quinnion might have let him loose," he mused as he went slowly to the house to tell Judith what had happened. "An' then he mightn't. If he didn't, then who the devil did?"

Judith received the news sleepily and much more quietly than Carson had expected

"We'll have to keep our eyes open after this, Carson," was her criticism. Remembering the night when she had been so certain that there had been some one listening to her talk with Tripp she added thoughtfully: "We've got to keep an eye on our own men, Carson. Some one of our crowd, taking my pay, is double-crossing us. Now, get your men on the jump and we won't bother about the milk-spilling. If we are in luck we'll get Shorty yet. And Quinnion, Carson! Don't forget Quinnion. And we've still got Bill Crowdy; we'll get everything out of him that he knows."

The cattleman rode away in heavy silence, headed toward the cabin at the Upper End, his men riding with him, an eager, watchful crowd. But Carson had his doubts about getting Quinnion, his fears that it would be a long time before he ever put a rope again to Shorty's thick wrists.

During the day Emmet Sawyer, the Rocky Bend sheriff, came, and with him Doctor Brannan. Sawyer assured Judith that he would be followed shortly by a posse led by a deputy and that they would hunt thru the mountains until they got the outlaws. He listened to all that she had to tell him and then looked up Bud Lee.

"You didn't see Quinnion?" he asked. "Could you swear to him if we ever bring him in? Just by his voice?"

"Yes," answered Lee. "I can. But see if you can't get Crowdy to squeal. We're shy Shorty's real name, too, you know."

To all questions put him, Bill Crowdy answered with stubborn denial of knowledge or not at all. He had been alone; he didn't know any man named Quinnion; he didn't know anything about Shorty. And he hadn't robbed Miller. That canvas bag, then, with the thousand dollars in it? He had found it; picked it up in a gully.

"I won't do any talking," he grunted in final word, "until I get a lawyer to talk to. I know that much, Sawyer, if I don't know a h—l of a lot. An' you can get it out'n your head that I'm the kind to snitch on a pal—even if I had one, which I didn't."

Crowdy, at Doctor Brannan's orders, was taken to Rocky Bend, where Sawyer promised him a speedy trial, conviction and heavy sentence unless he changed his mind and turned State's evidence. And—to be done with Bill Crowdy for good and all—he never came to stand trial. A mad attempt at escape a week later, another bullet-hole given him in his struggle with his jailer, and with lips still stubbornly locked, he died without "snitching on a pal."

UNDER fire in the dark cabin with life grown suddenly tense for them, Bud Lee and Judith Sanford had touched hands lingeringly. No one who knew them guessed it; certainly one of them, perhaps both, sought to forget it.

There had been that strange thrill which comes sometimes when a man's hand and a woman's meet. Bud Lee grunted at the memory of it; Judith, remembering, blushed scarlet. For, at that moment of deep, sympathetic understanding touched with the romance which young life will draw even from a dark night fraught with danger, there had been in Bud Lee's heart but an acceptance, eager as it was, of a "pardner." For the time being he thought of her—or, rather, he thought that he thought of her, as a man would think of a companion of his own sex. He approved of her. But he did not approve of her as a girl, as a woman.

He had said: "There are two kinds of women." And Judith, knowing that his ideal was an impossible but poetic She, rich in subtle feminine graces, steeped in that vague charm of her sex like a rose in its own perfume, had accepted his friendship during a dark hour, allowing herself to forget that upon the morrow, if morrow came to them at all, he would hold her in that gentle scorn of his.

"A narrow-minded, bigoted fool!" she cried in the seclusion of her bedroom "I'll show you where you get off, Mr. Bud Lee! Just you wait."

When she and Lee met, she looked him straight in the eye with marked coolness, oddly aloof, and Lee, lifting his hat, was stiff and short-worded.

In the long, quiet hours which came during the few days following the end of a fruitless search for Quinnion and Shorty, he had ample time to analyze his own emotion. He liked her; from the bottom of his heart he liked her. But she was not the lady of his dreams. She rode like a man, she shot like a man, she gave her orders like a man. She was efficient. She was as square as a die; under fire she was a pardner for any man. But she was not a little lady to be thought of sentimentally. He wondered what she would look like if she shed boots and broad hat and riding-habit and appeared before a man in an evening gown—"all lacy and ribbony, you know." He couldn't picture her that way; he couldn't imagine her dallying, as the lady of his dreams dallied, in an atmosphere of rose-leaves, perhaps a volume of Tennyson on her knee

"Shucks!" he grinned to himself, a trifle shame-facedly. "It's just the springtime in the air"

In such a mood there appeared to Bud Lee a vision. Nothing less He was in the little meadow hidden from the ranch-house by gentle hills still green with young June. He had been working Lovelady, a newly broken saddle-mare. Standing with his back to a tree, a cigarette in the making in his hands, his black hat far back upon his head, he smilingly watched Lovelady as with regained free-

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dom she galloped back across the meadow to her herd. Then a shadow on the grass drew Lee's eyes swiftly away from the mare and to the vision.

Over the verdant flooring of the meadow, stepping daintily in and out among the big golden buttercups, came one who might well have been that lady of his dreams. A milk-white hand held up a pale-pink skirt, disclosing the lace flounce of a fine underskirt, pale-pink stockings and mincing little slippers; a pink parasol cast the most delicate of tints upon a pretty face from which big blue eyes looked out a little timorously upon the tall horse foreman.

He knew that this was Marcia Langworthy. He had never known until now just how pretty she was, how like a flower.

Marcia paused, seemed to hesitate, dodged suddenly as a noisy bumblebee sailed down the air. Then the bee buzzed on and Marcia smiled. Still stepping daintily she came on until, with her parasol twirling over her shoulder, she stood in the shade with Lee.

"You're Mr. Lee, aren't you?" asked Marcia. She was still smiling and looked cool and fresh and very alluring.

Lee dropped the makings of his cigarette, ground the paper into the sod with his heel and removed his hat with a gallantry little short of reverence.

"Yes," he answered, his gravity touched with the hint of a responsive smile. "Is there something I can do for you, Miss Langworthy?"

"Oh!" cried Marcia. "So you know who I am? Yet I have never seen you, I think."

"The star doesn't always see the moth, you know," offered Lee, a little intoxicated by the first "vision" of this kind he had seen in many years.

"Oh!" cried Marcia again, and then stopped, looking at him, frankly puzzled. She knew little first-hand of horse foremen. But she had seen Carson, even talked with him. And she had seen other workmen. She would, until now, have summed them all up as illiterate, awkward, and impossibly backward and shy. A second long, curious glance at Lee failed to show that he was embarrassed, tho in truth he had had time to be a bit ashamed of that moth-and-star observation of his. Instead, he appeared quite self-possessed. And he was good-looking, remarkably good-looking. And he didn't seem illiterate; quite the contrary, Marcia thought. In an instant she cataloged this tall, dark, calm-eyed man as interesting.

She twirled her parasol at him and laughed softly. A strand of blond hair that was very becoming where it was, against her delicate cheek, she tucked back where it evidently belonged, since there it looked even more becoming.

"Mr. Hampton isn't here, is he?" she asked.

"No. Come to think of it, he did say this morning that he would be out right after lunch to help me break Lovelady. But I haven't seen him."

"He wanted me to stroll out here with him," Marcia explained. "And I wouldn't. It as too hot. Didn't you find it terribly hot about an hour ago, Mr. Lee?"

As a matter of fact Bud Lee had been altogether too busy an hour ago with the capers of Lovelady to note whether it was hot or cold. But he courteously agreed with Miss Langworthy.

"Then," she ran an brightly, "it got cool all of a sudden. Or at least I did. And I thought that Polly had come out here, so I walked out to surprise him. And now, he isn't here."

Marcia looked at Lee helplessly, smilingly, fascinatingly. It was quite as tho she had added: "Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

HAMPTON had fully meant to come. But by now he had forgotten all about Bud Lee and horses to ride and to be bucked off by. A telegram had come from a nasty little tailor in San Francisco who had discovered Hampton's retreat and who was devilishly insistent upon a small matter—oh, some suits and things, you know. The whole thing totaling scarcely seven hundred dollars. He went to find Judith, to beg an advance against his wages or allowance or dividends or whatever you call it. Judith was out somewhere at the Lower End, Mrs. Simpson thought. Hampton saddled his own horse and went to find her. All this Marcia was to learn that evening.

After a swift passing of a few bright minutes, Marcia and Bud Lee strolled together across the meadow to the spring. Marcia, it seemed, was interested in everything. Lee told her much of the ways of horses, of breaking them, of a score of little ranch matters, not without their color. Marcia noted that he spoke rather slowly, and guessed that he was choosing his words with particular care.

She was delighted when they came to the bank under the willows where a pipe sent forth a clear, cold stream of water from a shady recess in the hillside. Here, at Lee's solicitous suggestion, she rested after her long walk—it was nearly a half-mile to the ranch-house—disposing her skirts fluffily about her, taking her seat upon a convenient log from which, with his hat, Lee had swept the loose dust.

"I'm dreadfully improper, am I not?" said Marcia. "But I am tired, and it is hot, isn't it? Out there in the fields, I mean. Here it's just lovely. And I do so love to hear about all the things you know which are so wonderful to me. Isn't life narrow in the cities? Don't you think so, Mr. Lee?"

The breeze playing gently with the ribbons of her sunshade brought to him the faintest of violet perfumes. He lay at her feet, obeying her tardy command to have the smoke which she had interrupted. His eyes were full of her.

[illegible] went on Marcia dreamily. [illegible] always out-of-doors. Out here I feel so sorry for the people I know in town. Here women must grow up so sweet and pure and innocent; men must be so fine and manly and strong!"

And she meant it. It was perfectly clear that she spoke in utter sincerity. For this long, summer day, no matter how she would feel tomorrow, Marcia was in tune with the open, yearned for the life blown clean with the air of the mountains. In the morning her mood had been one of rebellion, for her mother had said things which both hurt and shocked the girl. Her mother was so mercenary, so unromantic. Now, as a bit of reaction, the rebellious spirit had grown tender; opposition had been followed by listlessness; and into the mood of tender listlessness there had come a man. A man whom Marcia had never noted until now and who was an anomaly, almost a mystery.

Fate, in the form of old Carson, turned a herd of bellowing steers out into the [illegible] lying between the meadows and the ranch-house that afternoon just as Marcia, making a late concession to propriety, was shaking her skirts and lifting her parasol. It was scarcely to be wondered at that the steers seemed to Marcia a great herd of bloodthirsty beasts. Then there were her pink gown and sunshade. . . .

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried Marcia.

So it was under Lee's protection that she went back thru the meadows and to the house. At first she was frightened by the strange noises his led horse made, little snorts which made her jump. But in the end she put out a timid hand and stroked the velvet nose. When finally Bud Lee lifted his hat to her at the base of the knoll upon which the house stood Marcia thanked him for his kindness.

"I've been terribly unconventional, haven't I?" she smiled at him. "But I mustn't again. Next time we meet, Mr. Lee, I am not even going to speak to you. Unless," relenting brightly, "you come up to the house and are properly introduced!"

As she went thru the lilacs Lee saw her wave her parasol to him.

CHAPTER XV.

JUST A GIRL, AFTER ALL.

THREE days later Bud Lee learned that Judith Sanford was, after all, "just a girl, you know;" that at least for once in her life she had slipped away to be by herself and to cry. He stopped dead in his tracks when he came unexpectedly upon her, become suddenly awkward, embarrassed, a moment uncertain, but yielding swiftly to an impulse to run for it.

"Come here, Bud Lee!" commanded Judith sharply, dabbing at her eyes. "I want to talk with you."

He was at the Upper End, where he had ridden for half a dozen young horses which were to be taken down into the meadow for their education. And here she was, on a bench outside the old cabin, indulging herself in a hearty cry.

"I—I didn't know you were here," he stammered. "I was going to make some coffee and have lunch here. I do, sometimes. It's a real fine day, isn't it, Miss Sanford? Nice and warm and——"

His voice trailed off indistinctly.

"Oh, scat!" cried Judith at him, half laughing, still half-crying. She had wiped her eyes but still two big tears, untouched, trembled on her cheeks. In spite of him Lee couldn't keep his eyes off of them.

"I'm just crying," Judith told him then, with a sudden assumption of cool dignity which had in it something of defiance. "I've got a right to, if I want to, haven't I? What do you look at me like that for?"

"Sure," he answered hastily. "It does you good to cry; I know. Great thing. All ladies do, sometimes——"

Judith sniffed.

"You know all that there is to be known about 'ladies,' don't you? In your vast wisdom all you've got to do is lump 'em in one of your brilliant generalities. That's the man of you!"

"Maybe I'd better go make the coffee?" he suggested hurriedly. "It's after 12. And it'll do you good. A nice hot cup."

"Maybe you had," said Judith icily. "Perhaps I can postpone my conversation with you until the water boils."

Lee went into the cabin without looking back. Judith, watching him, saw that he ran his hand across his forehead. She sniffed at him again. But when Lee had the coffee ready she had washed her face at the spring, had tucked her tumbled hair back under her hat, and, looking remarkably cool, came into the cabin. Lee thought of his meeting with Marcia, of her repeated assurance that she knew she had violated the conventions.

"You surely can make coffee," Judith nodded her approval as she sipped at the black beverage, cooled a little by condensed milk. Lee was busied with a tin containing potted meat. "Now, have you got over your shock so that I can talk with you?"

He smiled at her across the little oilcloth-covered table, and answered lightly and with his old assurance that he guessed he had steadied his nerve. Hadn't he told her a cup of coffee would do wonders?

"Would it go to your head," began the girl abruptly, "if I were to tell you that I size you up as the best man I've got on my pay roll?"

"I'd try to keep both feet on the ground," he said gravely, tho he wondered what was coming.

"I'll explain," she continued, her tone impersonally businesslike. "Next to you, I count on Doc Tripp; next to Tripp on Carson. They are good men; they are trustworthy; they understand range conditions and they know what loyalty to the home-range means. But Tripp is just a veterinarian; simply that and nothing more. His horizon isn't very wide. Neither is Carson's."

"And mine?" he grinned at her. "Read me my horoscope, Miss Sanford!"

"You have taken the trouble to be something more than just a horse foreman," she told him quietly. "I don't know what your advantages have been; if you haven't gone thru high school, then at least you have been ambitious enough to get books, to read, to educate yourself. You have developed further than Carson; you have broadened more than Tripp."

"Thanks," he offered dryly.

"Oh, I'm not seeking to intrude into your private affairs, Mr. Bud Lee!" she cried warmly at his tone. "I have no desire to do so, having no interest in them. First of all, I want one thing clear: You said when I first came that you'd stay a few days, long enough for me to get a man in your place. We have both been rather too busy to think of your leaving or my seeking a substitute. Now what? The job is yours as long as you want it—if you'll stay. I don't want you leaving me in the lurch. Do you want to go? Or do you want to stick?"

What did he want? He had anticipated an interference from the girl in his management of the duty allotted him and no such interference had come. She left him unhampered, even as she did Tripp and Carson. He had his interest in his horses. It was pleasant here. This cabin was a sort of home to him. Besides, he had the idea that Quinnion and Shorty might again be heard from—that if Trevors was backing their play, there would be other threats offered the Blue Lake outfit from which he had no desire to run. There was such a thing as loyalty to the home-range, and in the half-year he had worked here it had become part of him.

"I'll stick," he said quietly.

"I'm glad of that," replied Judith. "Oh, you'll have your work cut out for you, Bud Lee, and, that you may be the better fitted to do it, I want you to know just what I am up against."

She paused a moment, stirring her coffee with one of Lee's tin spoons, gathering her thoughts. Then, speaking thoughtfully, she explained:

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"Yes," he admitted slowly. "That's big; mighty big."

"With the money I raised," Judith continued, "I bought out the third owner, Timothy Gray. He let his hold-

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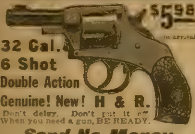

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Alexander Vitamines

Quick Relief—No Drugs or Dieting. But when Alexander Vitamines are added to the diet, the results are amazing in their rapidity. Within a few days an emaciated, scrawny figure begins to round out—bony angles and ugly hollows disappear. Your weight quickly becomes what it should be according to your height. The flabby, useless tissues which are now a handicap become firm flesh and muscle—rich, red blood is produced—tasks now wearisome are quickly done because the food you eat is converted into energy.

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ing go for three hundred and fifty thousand. It was a bargain for me—if I can make a go of it. I still owe, on the principal, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I owe on my mortgage two hundred thousand. Total of my indebtedness, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And that's bigger, Bud Lee."

"Yes. That's bigger figures than I can quite get the hang of."

No wonder she had been crying. Even if everything went smooth on the Blue Lake, she, too, had her work cut out for her.

"Now," she ran on, her voice stirring him with the ringing note in it, "I can make a go of it—if they will just let me alone! I am playing close to the table, Lee, close! I have a little money in the bank, enough to run along for two or three months, that's all. I said that dad left no cash; I didn't mention his insurance." Her eyes grew suddenly wet, but she did not avert them from Lee's face, going on quietly: "That was ten thousand dollars. Close to seven thousand had to go for his current obligations. I have about two thousand to run on."

"Close hauled," grunted Lee. And to himself, he remarked as he had remarked once before: "She's got her sand."

QUITE naturally Bud Lee thought swiftly of his horses. He had told Trevors that he wanted to make no sale for at least six months. Given until then—if Judith could make a go of it without forcing a sale—he'd show her the way to at least seven or eight thousand, with a good percentage of clear profit.

"To begin with," Judith's voice interrupted his musings, "I am going to have trouble with Carson. I admit that he's an exceptionably good cattle foreman; I admit, too, that he has his limitations. He is of the old school, and has got to learn something! Already he has his weather-eye cocked for the lean season; he'll be coming to me in August or September, telling me I've got to begin selling. That's the way they all do! And the result is that beef cattle drop and the market clogs with them. What I am going to do is make Carson start in buying them. Oh, he'll buck like one of his own red bay steers, but he'll buy!"

"We're pretty well stocked up," Lee offered gently. "Turning the hills over to the hogs makes a difference, too. We're going to be short of feed long before September is over."

"Short of range feed, yes," she retorted warmly. "But we're going to put our trust in our silos, Lee, and make them do such work for us as they have never done before. Then, when other folks are forced to sell off for what they can get, we'll hold on and buy. We won't sell before December or January, when the market is up."

He shook his head. Tho not of the old school which had produced Carson, still he put little faith in those tall towers into which alfalfa and Indian corn were fed to make lush fodder.

"I don't know a whole lot about silos," he admitted.

"Neither does Carson," said Judith. "He looks at such things as silos and milking machines and tractors and fences even as the old Indians must have looked at the inroads of the white men. But, do you know where he has been these last few days?"

"In San Francisco? Heard him say he was going to take a few days off."

Judith laughed.

"That's Carson for you! He wouldn't admit where he was going. I sent him down to Davis where the State experimental farm and laboratories are. He's going to see silo, study silo, think silo until he gets a new idea into his head. I have ordered a big extension in our irrigated area. I have begun the construction of two more silos. When Carson gets back he's going to look around for some more shorthorns at bargain prices. I have an idea it wouldn't do you any harm, either, to look over what we are doing down at the Lower End."

Again she paused. Then, her eyes suddenly darkening, she told him what, after all, lay topmost in her mind.

"I have said that if I am given the chance, I can make a go of this. It's up to you, Bud Lee, to help see that I get that chance. An attempt was made to spread the lung-worm thru my calves. Now it's the hogs. Do you know what the latest news is from the pens? There's cholera among them."

"Where did it come from?" he demanded. "Tripp's been keeping the health of our stock up right along."

"Where did it come from?" Judith repeated after him. "That's what I don't know. We've been so careful. But where did the calf sickness come from? Bayne Trevors imported it."

The inference was clear. He stared at her with frowning eyes.

"I don't see how he could have done it without Tripp's getting on to it. He hasn't bought any new hogs."

"But you do understand now why I wanted to talk to you? If I win out in the thing I have taken on my shoulders, it is going to be by a close margin. I've thought it all out. We can't slip up in a single deal! But, it's up to you to give me a hand. To find out for yourself such things as where did the cholera come from! And to look out, that the next time they don't burn us out, when the range is dry. To see that nothing happens to your horses. To keep your two eyes wide open. To help me find the man, working with us right now, who is double-crossing us, who turned Shorty loose, who is watching a chance to do his knife act again somewhere else. Do you get me, Bud Lee?"

"I get you," replied Lee.

Nothing is more serious or more difficult to reckon with than a "traitor in the camp." No wonder, then, that traitors and spies get short shrift when captured. Just who this ranch renegade is ought to come out in due time, and perhaps the revelation will surprise the reader. Part five of the story will follow next week. Another big installment.

* * *

Miner's Fear of Fire.

NOTHING is so much dreaded by the miner as fire. When millions of tons of rock begin to settle down he is not frightened. He goes among them when they are being splintered in all directions and are cracking like pistols.

One reason why a fire in a mine is so much dreaded is because there are so few avenues of escape open to the miners. Probably there is but a single shaft—if the mine is connected with no other—and up this, a thousand or fifteen hundred feet, or more, he must go to escape.

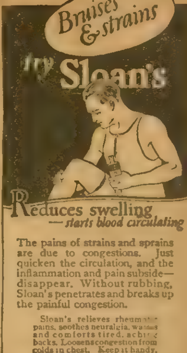
In case of a fire there is liable to be a panic. A panic in a church or other building on the surface is a terrible thing; then what must be a panic in a mine where there are eight hundred or a thousand men perhaps, all to go up a single shaft a thousand feet or more, a cageload at a time? At such times, too, there are explosions of gases which extinguish all of the lights, and the men rushing to and fro are exposed to danger of tumbling headlong into scores of pitfalls in the shape of chutes, winzes and other excavations.

All these things being often in the miner's mind give him a wonderful delicacy of nostril. He can scent a fire from afar. He knows the smell of burning fuse, of giant powder, of black powder and of everything with which fire ordinarily comes in contact in a mine, and the scent of these is no more noticed than is noticed the air he breathes on the surface of the earth; but let any unusual substance be ignited and like the hunted stag his nose is in the air at once.

* * *

Curious Umbrella.

IT WAS a French inventor, with a tender heart for bicyclists, chauffeurs, fishermen and wandering artists, who contrived a form of umbrella for protection against sun or rain, which can be easily and solidly attached to the shoulders so as to leave the arms and hands absolutely free. When not in use it folds up in a conveniently portable form.



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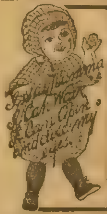

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No letter necessary. Just mail this blank with remittance.

Strong-Arm Sanderson

(Continued From Page 13)

. . . ! But that way lay madness, ay, and worse, if there could be a worse.

There sounded a chuckle, and it was all evil, the more daunting that, by a sort of ventriloquism, it sounded at his elbow, a voice discarnate, disembodied—and yet he knew the reason well enough. Now it came again, blurred a trifle, as if thru many thicknesses of walls:

"And now . . . the test . . . that is, if you have made your choice. It is a little thing—for—remember. 'He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me——'"

The tone was gently chiding:

"Youth—youth! Impulsive, as always! But, my young friend, perpend this carefully: accept the test and you are one of us; refuse—and you will find that we are merciful, even unto—death—a swift death, and not unpleasant, for you have tasted it, a little. Tell me, do you like the savor? Come, then—one word; yes—or no!"

For a moment a speaking silence held, a breathless pause. Then, low, as if wrung from the bowels of a mighty fear or anguish, or both, the single syllable:

"Yes."

"Good!" The tones now were brisk, assured. "That is very good, good for you, my friend, and good for us. You are a brave man, but you are discreet; you temper valor with discretion." Could it be that the man was gibing at him? Sanderson was unable to think connectedly. The voice went on: "You see: I cannot afford to have a recurrence of last night's—ah—unfortunate affair; it is demoralizing. You have incapacitated six of my best operatives; you are a very impulsive young man. . . . And so, there remains merely the small matter of the test—your accolade, if I may call it that. . . ——"

The voice droned on. And as the import of the words burned into his brain, Sanderson's face grayed; it became suddenly lined and old, like the face of an ancient man. A fine mist, like a dew of death, beaded his forehead; his strong hands doubled into fists, nails digging into palms.

He rose, shaken, tortured, groping his way outward under the pitiless bright glare of the light as the voice ended, faint and far, as from dim leagues of distance:

"Now—you may go."

A door opened noiselessly; there came the snick of a bolt moving on well-oiled wards. He was in a narrow hall. The door stood open; he could see the street.

He went gropingly down the steps, turning a set face westward to the avenue. Then, like a man who is just recovering from an illness, he went slowly from that House of Dread.

He had heard his sentence, and it was a sentence of death.

Half way to the Avenue, Sanderson, groping for his cigarette case, as a man will, even under stress, discovered it was missing. He remembered now that he heard a brief, metallic tinkle, somewhere back there along the street. He turned heavily, striding backward along the way which he had come—and there it was, upon the walk, where he had dropped it.

He stopped to pick it up. It had been a gift from his father; he remembered the occasion rather sharply; it had been on his twenty-fifth birthday, before—before. . . .

He bent, retrieving it with fingers that somehow were all at once all thumbs. And then, abruptly, frozen to the spot, he stiffened, his eyes wide with sheer, staring unbelief.

A limousine, curtains drawn, had purred past him to the curb; it was stopping in front of No. 18. And a man was coming down the steps, a heavily-built man wearing a black slouch hat pulled forward over his face, which even at the distance Sanderson recognized with a quick, gasping intake of his breath.

The door of the motor opened. The big man, looking neither to the right nor to the left, got in swiftly. The gears meshed, the motor roared with a sudden, staccato clamor, then settled into the steady beat of harnessed power, rolling onward to the Avenue to the east.

But Sanderson, rooted to the walk, had seen—the man. And the man that he had seen was—his father.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MAN GOES FORTH.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT O'HARE, a fine figure of a man in the summer sunshine, came striding up the Alley of the Seven Saints. It was a brilliant June morning, but somehow—and Sergeant O'Hare was not unduly imaginative—the sunlight seemed to be diminished to a flat, pale radiance, there in the Alley. At the corner of the street, where "Davis Drugs" flaunted its down-at-heel signboard to the passers-by, the sunlight was lavish, golden; just beyond that corner it seemed to flatten out to a heatless, pale flaming, even in June.

Perhaps the reason was in the narrow, cobbled way, the houses leaning inward like decrepit old men, frowzy as to eave and shutter, battening upon the golden day so that it became a sort of twilight . . . in those dark hallways it was always night, festering, obscure . . . one had an impression of witch-pots simmering above live coals in the blackness, even by day . . .

The sergeant was not unduly imaginative, but this morning his Celtic fancy owned to a sense of strain, of tension emphasized by the silence about and around him as he went forward along the narrow way. Before him and behind there was the usual life and movement, such as it was; but he seemed to move in a vacuum, both of space and sound, a singing silence, moving as he moved.

Sergeant O'Hare was scarcely in favor with the indwellers of the Alley; they loved him like a sore thumb; he was the one who, prior to the coming of the Crusader by Night, had, as much as one man may, kept order in those stewing purlieus; with fist and club and gun he had countered fang and claw. And now as he went forward, humming a little tune under his breath, abruptly he halted, gazing at the stones.

The sunlight, filtering downward between the chimney-pots made a tracery, weaving a pattern of light and shade even as he looked. And there, before him on the stones, he saw them, springing suddenly to crimson, welling upward in a dark tide—drops of blood.

He looked again—and they were not there; a trick of the sun, glinting on oily water, doubtless. But his eyes narrowed; he grinned, briefly, beneath his tawny mustache, striding forward, still humming that broken melody.

Then, from the shadows at his right there showed for a moment a face—another; a little wind, rising from the dust, seemed as a voice calling from the stones; a message, a warning, a betrayal, as it might chance.

A face, wolfish, predatory, ruthless, grimaced at his broad back, as the flat core of the sunlight faded to dust-gray shadow.

Like figures in a dream three men walked forward along the Alley of the Seven Saints. The man in the middle a broad, muscular figure with flaming yellow hair, walked with a dragging shuffle, his face, under its peaked cap, gray as the dust rising from the cobbled street.

Norval Sanderson was going to keep his tryst with death, but it was not the death that he could have welcomed for himself. The sentence to which he had listened, back there at No. 18—the test—even yet it seemed that he could scarcely credit it—in imagination again he was hearing the tones of that voice, cold, contained:

". . . That you, Number Twenty-five, accompanied by Numbers Three and Eleven, shall, at a time and place to be nominated, proceed . . to the corner of the Alley and West Fourth, and there the said Twenty-five shall execute this judgment with a pistol provided for the purpose.

The Alley and West Fourth! Number Twenty-five—Norval Sanderson that was—knew that corner only too well, and he knew, too, that the genial policeman who had passed and repassed that corner a thousand times was—Stephen O'Hare, a man whom he had known and loved as a brother this many a year.

Walking like a man in a dream, he had followed the grim figures of Three and Eleven; as in a dream, as a prisoner marching to his doom, himself in the middle, they had gained the street, from that dim chamber of the Hidden Ones, whither, in obedience to the Voice, he had proceeded from No. 18.

Like figures in a dream, the three went onward. In a moment, now—a minute of time—an hour of suspense—would call the meeting. After that——?

And now Number Three, a swarthy, black-avised Sicilian, had fallen behind with Eleven, a grim, bodeful figure, with an implacable, grim mouth. Well Sanderson knew that if he hesitated by the merest fraction of a second the two would shoot him where he stood with the calm, impersonal method of the gunman. For these men it would be all in the day's work. And if he hoped to go thru with it, to purge the city, as he had hoped—to pass the test—he must do their bidding; the bidding of that discarnate Voice, or—was it just a Voice, a Tongue, speaking out of darkness—and unto darkness?

"No!" he had told his father, in answer to that question, and he had meant it. And now the thought of the man whose son he was twisted his stiff lips in a bitter pout, the weakness of the strong. For he had come upon his hour.

Perhaps his brain may have worked in some such fashion; perhaps, behind the grim mask that was his face, he meditated the supreme sacrifice, refusing at the last the bitter gauge. . . .

Ahead of them, as they went onward, there loomed that fateful corner, and, in the distance, he saw it; the tall figure, striding—from sunlight into shadow. . . . In a moment, now, it would be over, either way. . .

The policeman was perhaps ten paces distant when Sanderson drew a deep, hissing breath . . . the officer was nearer now, clear target for the—assassin. Ten paces . . . five . . . he came on, whistling his little tune . . . in the distance the diminishing rattle of an "L" train furnished an obligato, rising and dying into silence.

The detective raised his head, staring straight at Sanderson. His mouth opened, in his face a blended look of surprise and a sudden, swift concern; behind him as he neared the corner the slow purr of a taxi at that moment sidling inward to the curb.

For a timeless interval their glances engaged, like rapier-points. Then, with a lightning movement, Sanderson had raised his gun and fired—twice—the double report blending as one. The policeman staggered, clutching at his heart, his face grayed; then, in a slumping, sidewise fall, he was down.

The taxi roared, a sudden, staccato clamor; the three at the curb sprang for its sheltering depths; it vanished around the corner in a smother of dust.

Sanderson had made his kill.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TERROR PASSES.

SANDERSON, returning to the Chamber of the Council, as it was called, the same in which he had engaged the twelve in that battle royal terminating in his victory over almost overwhelming odds, presented a stony face to the commendation of the Clan. He was now free to come and go—he had proved his right to membership; their secrets were his. And if, some of them, they wondered a little at his sudden change of front, none asked him questions. The Big Gun had done it—and that was enough.

Prior to his entry Sanderson had sent a message; even now it was racing over the wire. And he understood now why he had not been dispatched out of hand there in the lethal chamber at No. 18 West Eleventh. O'Hare had been dangerous; he was an obstacle; they had let him, Sanderson, live for the removal of that obstacle. That was it.

But if the thing that he had done was, at the last, to fail. . . . He dared not contemplate it, turning his thoughts to follow the message that he had written with the furious haste of a man to whom each minute, each second of time was precious, as the very sands of life are precious—to him that hath.

"And to him that hath not shall be taken away—even that which he hath!"

The words seemed spoken almost in his ear, but there was no one to speak them save himself. If he should fail. . . . ! True to that written threat, he had indeed forfeited everything, as it seemed; put himself beyond the pale, anathema to himself, even.

He turned his eyes upon the long room. They were all there, or almost all—but there was an air of tension, growing with the minutes; like a fire in dry grass, it ran round the circle, to the whispered word:

"He's coming—th' Big Gun!"

For the Voice was coming. Sanderson could scarce believe it. And when he should see that face. . . . could he—endure it? For his "No!" in answer to that question had been an honest one, beginning with Hennessy, and the righting of his wrong, Sanderson's purpose had hardened with the days; but it had not been a fanatical crusade against evil, merely; he had never believed that he, single-handed, could have accomplished that purpose.

For it would have been too much for one man, or any man. And if the one man, the one ruthless, devising brain—if he were known—his name, his station—that had been Sanderson's purpose, and that alone, to bring him forth—by fair means or foul.

And the Big Gun was coming; he was even now on the way—because of the drama in the Alley, and for another reason, which dovetailed with it.

For there were others coming. . . . Perhaps a mile away a great touring car, of a French make, had turned into the Avenue, at its wheel a lean, hawk-like a man with a dark, foreign face—De Courcelles; behind him others, swarthy of visage, lowering, muttering among themselves with twisted grimace, fingering the weapons in their pockets, waiting, waiting. . . .

For, with the advent of the crusader in the Alley, rebellion had begun, and it had been the Big Gun's right hand, De Courcelles, that had begun it. Perhaps he saw himself on that bad eminence,

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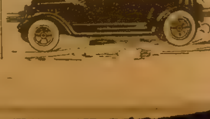

drunken with power and the feel of power. And the Voice, who knew all things, knew—even this—and he was coming, too, to offer that hazardous lieutenancy to a strong hand, a strong arm, yet an arm and a hand he felt that he could mould and shape: Strong-Arm Sanderson.

There came a sudden flurry at the door, a whispered word; it opened, disclosing the face and figure of the secretary, the lieutenant, the Apache—De Courcelles, behind him the wolf-pack.

He grinned at the assemblage as a dog grins, exposing his canine teeth.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" he said suavely, his glance upon Sanderson like a benediction reversed.

"——And—and—Monsieur Fortinbras! Well met!"

He came in, with his lifting swagger, followed by the rest.

For a brief interval there was silence. Men, rigid in the grip of a hard-held excitement, stood, frozen, eyeing each other, gazes locked. An armed camp, divided against itself, for a moment it appeared that pandemonium would echo with the crashes of the heavy guns.

Sanderson felt the peril; it was real; it was all about him. He felt the wings of the Dark Angel, like a cold wind blowing out of time and space. . . .

For they were all there—all but one—and he was coming. Even now he might be at the door.

Sanderson shivered, but it was not from fear. The length of the long room was between him and the late comers, the remainder bestowed in an irregular half circle at his right, between them and the insurgents an open space where the tables had been pushed back from right to left—a No-Man's-Land, as it seemed, cleared and waiting, empty under the great, blazing arc.

And the Big Gun, when he came . . . but Sanderson felt that he would not come with fanfare of trumpets . . . he would take another way.

HE WAS watching the Frenchman, De Courcelles . . . Chu Chu le Tondeur—the "Shearer," as he had been known, from London to Montmartre. Now, as he watched he saw his jaw muscles stiffen with the pressure, saw the eyes burn, felt the purpose behind those eyes. And at the instant, cold and thin, he heard the whisper:

"Twenty-five!"

That was his number.

Behind him—he had given it but passing notice—there was a little door. It had never been opened. And the voice came from behind that door, a voice that at the last he knew, and, knowing, felt his heart leap up with fierce, uncontrollable emotion.

Again there came the Voice:

"Twenty-five . . . do not turn your head . . . move . . . just an inch . . . further to the left . . . good . . . now. . . ."

Mechanically he obeyed, his gaze frozen to that fierce, avid countenance in the doorway, the face of the Apache, De Courcelles. He saw his hand come up; it seemed to move no faster than the minute hand of a watch . . . and then he heard, behind him, a sort of coughing grunt.

The Frenchman's face went blank, his mouth opened—abruptly his eyes glazed—he swayed, tottered, fell forward on his face.

That coughing grunt—it had been a pistol fitted with a silencer. And it had silenced De Courcelles.

Upon the instant, as if at a signal, guns crashed—then crashed again, the "tsung" of the automatics blending with the high whine of the slugs. At point-blank range it was a shamble. A bullet spanged into the iron door—another—then, high above the tumult the cry, hoarse, inarticulate:

"Th' bulls . . . th' bulls!"

Sanderson felt a hand close on his wrist in a grip of iron. "This way," came the voice, low, even, controlled, even in the tumult. He felt himself drawn backward; there was a click, another. He found himself in a narrow passage, vaulted like a cellar. He turned, gazing into a face, white, aristocratic—high, benignant foreheard, falcon nose, straight, cruel mouth. So might have appeared Satan before the fall.

Sanderson leaned heavily against the wall. The voice he had heard, the face—he knew it now, for he had seen it before. But, and with the knowledge, there came a sudden, swift singing in his blood. . . .

For the man whom he saw before him—he knew him well enough; why, it had only been the week previous that he had met him, talked with him; it had been at an afternoon at the Ferrises. And the voice—that was what had made it familiar and yet unfamiliar, like and yet unlike—another's.

"You!" he said slowly, then. "I thought . . . I thought . . ."

"Yes—it is I," came the answer, with a precise, hissing sibilance. And for a moment it came to Norval Sanderson, there in that dim passage-way below the street, that the eyes were the eyes of a damned soul; the face, the head, a brooding and Satanic mask.

There came a leaping, thunderous rush upon the door; it gave, clanging inward, and in the opening a face.

"Praises be!" came a voice. "'Tis th' master—an' . . . 'tis himself!"

Charging, head downward, thru the opening, came Hennessy, face empurpled, behind him the Reserves.

The white face of the man at Sanderson's side grinned coldly; the hand came upward, with a swift gesture, flicking a small vial to his pale lips. Then, even as the roaring flood burst inward, he stiffened, upon his face a sudden, understanding look—a look of terror and surprise. He took it with him to eternity.

So passed the Big Gun—the Voice—identified as Lemuel Morris, proprietor of palatial gambling houses and resorts of even worse repute. And with his passing, even as from the bell tower, there crashed the deep, booming note of a new day, the old order of affairs giving place to the new.

CHAPTER X.

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD.

IN A room at Police Headquarters below the level of the street a patrolman in full uniform stood rigidly at attention before the rough, unfinished wall. Before him, sighting carefully along the barrel of his service pistol, a man in plain clothes aimed carefully for the officer's heart; there came the crash of the report; the patrolman gave back one single, lurching step; then he steadied, grinning an expansive grin.

"I'll say that armor is the goods, and then some," he told the man with the pistol, glancing humorously at a group of three standing by the window.

One of the three smiled—it was Norval Sanderson—then his gaze grew sombre. He turned to the heavily-built man at his side. "The officer's right, Stephen," he said. "But that time in the Alley—well—I confess I had my doubts, and then some. But that's—all over now."

Detective-Sergeant Stephen O'Hare spoke with a semi-humorous gravity:

"Well, Norval—there's no hard feelings, of course, but when I got your message—that you were comin' gunnin' f'r me, an' f'r me to put on that armor—an' you're some actor, I'll tell a man—hangin' out with that gang as a bona-fide member of a murder club—I'll say I had my doubts——"

"I had to do it," continued Sanderson. "Otherwise I'd never have put it over. Well—it was a clean-up—thanks to you and that armor—and the Reserves. But it was an inspiration—nothing less."

The third member of the trio had kept silent, his gaze, in a sort of sightless stare, upon the rough, unfinished wall. Now he turned to Sanderson, laying a hand upon his arm.

"Norval—my son," he whispered, low. "You know it all—now—but you're coming home with me tonight . . . he's gone. . . . I owed him something, as you know . . . he held it over me . . . he and De Courcelles . . . that was why I had to . . . pay him tribute. And that was why I was afraid—afraid—and—but I'll make it up to you, Norval——"

The low tones faltered, died. Norval Sanderson laid his hand, with a firm, warm pressure, on the shoulder half turned from his. When he spoke it was to Detective-Sergeant O'Hare:

"It was a clean-up, Stephen, as I said. You have them all. But it must have been something of a battle in that council chamber. Well—it's over—the Big Gun is only a memory——"

His voice died; then once again he spoke, his expression grim:

"It was like fighting a shadow, but the shadow's gone—and—I'm not so sure of myself as I was—I've had my lesson. But I'm still——"

O'Hare, his face aglow, completed the sentence for him with an admiring grin, the tribute of man to man:

"——Strong-Arm Sanderson!"

* * *

Two in a Hammock.

She—This hammock is ideal.
He—Yes?
She—Yes. It's large enough for one and long enough for two.

HOW TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

A Cincinnati Barber Tells How to Make a Remedy for Gray Hair.

A well known resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has been a barber for more than forty years, recently made the following statement:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the most delicate scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

Hapwell's Experiment

(Continued From Page 9.)

what awkwardly. No use beating around the bush.

"Under the weather! Why, you solemn old horse!" and my mad friend fell into a chair and laughed uproariously.

The rotund little doctor who had first met me, and whom Dick had evidently addressed a moment before in the hall, now entered. He ambled across to a window and stood there studying the sky, his chubby hands clasped behind him. He was quaking like an agitated jelly ball. I looked from one to the other in astonishment. Hapwell noticed my perplexity, subsided somewhat, arose and led me across the room.

"I want you to meet Dr. Ball," he said. "Doctor, you have often heard me speak of my friend Ransome."

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Ball, struggling to restrain his merriment. "Very stupid of me not to have recognized you. You must pardon me, Mr. Ransome, he——" and he fell to quaking again.

What could all this mirth mean? Were both these men crazy? I had heard of one lunatic being set to watch another. The hall door opened again and a tall, bearded man of professional appearance hesitated on the threshold.

"Hello, Prince! Come in! Come in!" shouted Hapwell.

"Didn't know that you had company," said the tall man apologetically, as he joined us.

"This is Dr. Prince, Mr. Ransome." The doctor gave my hand a hearty grasp.

"We're a jolly company," exclaimed Hapwell, and I noticed that he touched a button. An attendant appeared at the door.

"See what the gentleman will have," directed Dick. "I'll confess I have a Sahara thirst."

"But, Dick," I protested, "you are not allowed to drink?"

"It's all right," said Ball. "We've discovered a spirituous cure for paranoia, Dr. Prince and myself."

"That's true," solemnly averred Prince. "It's working wonders."

Now I began to doubt Prince's sanity. The attendant took our orders.

"This thing of being insane, Buster"—that was always his favorite name for me—"is not what it is cracked up to be, even if you do have the privilege of racing around in an automobile. You see, every time I go out I've got to put on these things," and he drew out a false beard. "I'll tell you all about it later."

I saw it now, I thought. Dick had a mania on the subject of automobiles. I would avoid that subject.

DR. PRINCE moved his chair up to the table on which the attendant was placing the glasses and bottles.

"We'll have just one drink with you, Hapwell," he said, "and then we shall leave you gentlemen to yourselves."

At Dick's proposal they drank congratulations on my safe return. I thanked them and was wondering uneasily what effect whisky would have on an insane man, when there was a loud knock at the door. Without waiting for a reply an attendant bolted in. He rushed over to Ball and whispered in

WOMAN TOO WEAK TO WALK

Now Works Nine Hours a Day.—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Strength

Union Village, Vt.—"I was weak and nervous and all run-down. I could not walk across the floor without resting and I had been that way for weeks. I saw your advertisement in the paper and after taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt the good it was doing me and I took seven more in all. Before I finished I was able to work nine hours a day in a steam laundry. I cannot say too much in favor of your medicine. I trust all sick and suffering women will take it. It has been two years since I took it and I am strong and well."—MRS. L. A. GUIMANN, Union Village, Vermont.

This is only one of such letters we are continually publishing showing what Lydia E. Pinkham has done for women, and whether you work or not Mrs. Guimann's letter should interest you.

Many women get into a weak, nervous run down condition because of ailments they often have. Such women should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the first sign of trouble. Good health is necessary and this splendid medicine will help you to keep it.

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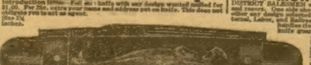
Introduction Offer. Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for $1.00. For 25c. extra your name and address put on knife. This does not obligate you to act as agent. Size 3¾ inches.



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DISTRICT SALESMEN wanted to introduce novelty knives and razors. One side shows owner's name and address; the other any design selected, emblems used by Societies, Fraternal, Labor, and Railroad orders, etc. Blades finest steel, handles clear as glass and unbreakable. Every knife guaranteed. Permanent employment, and exclusive territory to those willing to give most of their time. If you are earning less than $1200 yearly let us show you how to make more. These knives make fine Birthday and Holiday PRESENTS.

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1123 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

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his ear. The puffy little man bounced.

"Mrs. Hapwell!" he cried.

"Great Lord, my wife!" groaned Dick, springing to his feet.

"Head her off! Sidetrack her!" puffed Ball, executing an elephantine pirouette in his excitement.

Prince pushed the attendant towards the door.

"Detain her—any pretext—until we're ready," he said. He closed the door and hastily locked it. Then he ran to the door of a closet and threw it open. An inner gate of bars and an improvised cell were revealed.

"Hapwell, quick!" called Prince, holding the gate open.

Dick darted into the cell and pulled a loose duck suit from under the pillow of a cot. As he climbed into the ample white trousers he slammed the gate shut. Prince then made a mad dash for the table and seized a bottle of Scotch and a box of cigars. He hid the bottle under the draperies of the couch and dropped the box of cigars into the interior of an upright piano that stood near. Ball gathered up a vichy syphon in one hand and an untouched high-ball in the other, trotted over to a partly open window and dropped them out.

"Who in the devil would have expected her today?" moaned Dick as he buttoned the jacket of his pajama-like suit, which now covered his ordinary clothing. Catching sight of my blank face, he called thru the bars:

"Sorry for the disturbance, Buster, but hang on, keep mum and I'll explain later. All ready, Doctor."

Prince stepped over to the hall door and opened it. Mrs. Hapwell stood there. There was a strange softness in her big blue eyes as she looked appealingly at Prince, all her hauteur gone.

"Oh, Doctor," she inquired anxiously, "is Dick better?"

"Come in, Mrs. Hapwell; there is some improvement."

"Do you really think so?" She advanced eagerly. "Oh, Mr. Ransome," she exclaimed on seeing me, "have you seen Dick? Does he know you?"

I looked at the physicians helplessly. Prince hastened to my assistance.

"Mr. Hapwell seemed to recognize Mr. Ransome. We had him come out in the hope of recalling some old associations."

"Don't you think he will know me then? May I not see him?" she pleaded.

The physicians looked questioningly at one another.

"Maybe it will be all right," finally said Prince.

Ball shook his head dubiously, but walked over to the cell and threw open the outer door. Dick stood with his back to the grating. As his wife approached he turned slowly and confronted her. There was a vacant, imbecile look on his face.

"Richard, Richard, don't you know me?"

It was a manikin that stood before her.

"It is I, Richard, your wife."

Dick began to make a queer throaty sound.

"Bur-r-r-r-r-r——"

Mrs. Hapwell started.

"Oh, that clock! that clock!" she cried.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" Hapwell in his cell was imitating the whirring noise and mechanical call of a cuckoo clock. His head began to wag from side to side.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock." With hollow voice he was measuring off the beats of a pendulum.

"But, Doctor," Mrs. Hapwell said despairingly, "the same symptoms continue. Can't you make him understand? He knew Mr. Ransome; why can't you make him recognize me?"

"It's on account of the clock," whispered Ball gravely. "You see, he still associates you with that timepiece. Yesterday he was very bad. He thought that he had lost his works and until we could make him believe that they had been restored he was desperate. That accounts for the cell and the canvas suit. He had two lucid intervals this morning, tho, and talked to Mr. Ransome. Perhaps the crisis has passed."

He unlocked the door.

"Mr. Hapwell, your wife has come to see you."

Dick's face was wax, his eyes were glass. He was looking over Mrs. Hapwell's head. Ball took one of the patient's hands and would have led him out, but he refused to budge.

"My weights! My weights!" he broke out in terrified tones.

"Ah, I see," observed Prince. "He now believes that it is unsafe to shift his position without first removing his weights."

Ball kneeled laboriously, first lifted one of Dick's feet, twisted it slightly as if detaching it, and then did the same with the other. He gave the patient a gentle push. Dick glided out into the room. His head began to wag again with the melancholy "tick-tock."

"It is I, Richard. Don't you know your wife? Oh, Richard! Richard!" cried Mrs. Hapwell imploringly.

It seemed to me that the set look on Hapwell's face began to melt. The clock stopped. Perhaps he will recognize her now, I thought.

Ball coughed hard. Dick started, shot his right hand over his head and then began to move his extended arm in circles in front of him.

"Buz-z-z-z-z-z——" went the works. The human clock had evidently slipped a cog. Was ever seen such a strange madness?

"Stop him!" cried Ball. "His minute hand is running wild!"

Prince grabbed Dick's moving arm and held it fast. The buzzing ceased. This exhibition pained me. I felt that I had no business here and started to withdraw. Mrs. Hapwell stayed me.

"Do not go, Mr. Ransome; perhaps you can make him understand who it is."

"Dick," I said gently, "don't you know your wife?"

"Bur-r-r-r-r-r— Bu-r-r Bur-r-r-r-r ——" the human timepiece seemed on the point of flying to pieces.

Mrs. Hapwell sadly contemplated her husband. Tears trembled on her dark-fringed lashes. She loved her second husband, there could be no doubt about that. I would have wagered she did not look like that when they laid Mix away. There was a deep flush on her cheek and throat as she turned on me what seemed a penitent look.

"It's my own wretched folly that has been the cause of this." She spoke slowly and tremulously, in a voice so low that it seemed that she was talking to herself. "If—if it were only to do over again!"

"When did these symptoms first appear?" I ventured, pitying her distress. What was my astonishment when I observed Ball deliberately wink at the patient.

"Dick came home from the club," said Mrs. Hapwell, "about——"

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo; Cuckoo!" violently crowed the clock.

"About 3 o'clock in the morning. We quarreled—" she faltered. "I abused him shamefully for his late hours."

"Called him 'loafer' and 'brute?'" softly put in Ball.

"Yes," confessed Mrs. Hapwell, a still deeper color mounting her cheeks.

Ball shook his head gravely. "I have heard him use those expressions when his delusion has had another form. It struck me then that he had recalled something that had preyed on his mind."

"Yes, I told him—I told him—" said Hapwell brokenly, "that nobody but a 'renegade' would come in at——"

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" called the clock.

—"At 3 o'clock," continued Mrs. Hapwell, "and he fled the house, repeating the note of that miserable clock that stood near the door where I met him. Oh, doctor, will he ever be restored to me? Is there any hope? I—I see now that—that—" this from behind a lace-bordered bit of cambric—"that I was intolerable!"

"Oh, no!" broke forth the clock.

"What?" demanded Prince, glaring at the patient. Ball coughed until his bald spot grew crimson.

"No-tick, no-tick, tick-tock, tick-tock." The clock had regulated itself in a hurry.

"Do you think he understands what I said?" eagerly asked Mrs. Hapwell, looking out from her handkerchief.

"Yes, I think that he had a glimmering," said Dr. Prince; "but you see he still associates you with the clock."

"If you give him back to me I'll never mention time to him again," fervently declared the now wretched woman.

DICK'S imbecile look was gone. He advanced toward his wife and I swear he would have embraced her had not Prince stepped in front of him and tramped hard on his toes.

"Mrs. Hapwell, I feel safe in promising that your husband will be returned to you very soon with his mental faculties completely restored," said Prince. "His trouble is only temporary and the crisis is past. The case, as we have diagnosed it, Mrs. Hapwell, is this: Your husband has been under some intense mental strain. This has been augmented, perhaps, by domestic differences. Overwrought as he was, the trouble of two weeks ago was too much for him. His mind gave way for the time being, but, with rest such as he is having here, he will recover quickly. After we have sent him back to you it will be well for you to allow Mr. Hapwell to enjoy harmless recreation without opposition. If, after having been burdened with business cares during the day, he chooses, occasionally, to seek innocent pleasure at night—at the club or elsewhere—do not stand in the way. Go to bed and get your good rest. Physically he is well able to stand it and mentally he requires it."

Mrs. Hapwell was drying her tears now.

"There will be but one subject on which it will be unwise to speak to him and that——"

"Is time. Oh, Doctor, if you will only give him back to me I'll never speak of it again. I'll send that miserable clock away as soon as I reach home. I won't allow even a calendar in the house!"

"We had thought of asking Mr. Ransome to stay out today. His presence might have a good effect if your husband should have another rational period."

"Yes, yes, Doctor, you know best." She thanked me, then turned to the physician again. "Would it be well for me to come out every day?"

The doctors looked at one another.

"Well, come out again, say—day after tomorrow," replied Prince.

Mrs. Hapwell was gone. Dick and I were alone.

"What is the meaning of this?" I demanded with some heat, altho I well knew that I had no business to interfere between Hapwell and his wife.

But Dick did not answer until he turned from the window where he had stood watching Mrs. Hapwell's carriage as long as it was in sight.

"I owe you an explanation, Buster." Dick was now deeply in earnest. "This seems a cruel hoax, but I was driven to it. It was this or—sooner or later—separation. A breach had already started between Mrs. Hapwell and myself and it was widening. The cause of the trouble was Mrs. Hapwell's inordinate jealousy of anybody or anything that took me out of her sight for a moment. Now, Buster, you know I could not cut away from my old friends altogether on account of my marriage. I was willing to compromise on two nights a week at the club, but Mrs. Hapwell would not have that. I confided my trouble to my old friend Prince. He suggested this plan. A rest of a week or two in the country would do me good, anyway, he said. The prospect of automobiling and shooting with him would have been very pleasant at any time, but when, besides this, he held out the hope of effectually curing my wife, his plan was altogether irresistible. Following his advice I seized the trouble which followed my return home after my last night at the club as a pretext. I apparently became suddenly insane. I imagined myself the cuckoo clock which was ever betraying the hour of my homecomings. Prince, whose opinion as an alienist none would dispute, managed to get me out here without any fuss and I must say I have been having a mighty good time. What I want you to do, Buster, is to head off any talk about my disappearance. Say I am in Chicago."

* * * * * * *

It is some months now since the Hapwells' return from that Mediterranean cruise which they enjoyed on a chartered yacht. Dick is again very conspicuous at his clubs. Not in an afternoon's drive nor in a week of afternoons on the avenue will you find a handsomer or apparently happier pair than the Hapwells. Neither wears a watch.

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

Dr. E. E. Paddock, Specialist, Kansas City, Mo., Box 5P-201, has distributed free over 100,000 booklets on cause and treatment of inflammation of the the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gallstones of the liver, bilious Colic, Jaundice, gas, indigestion. Send name for Free Book today.—Adv.

* * *

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The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

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LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

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Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Riddle-me-ree.

342—My first is in squirm but not in turn.
My second is in quote but not in learn.
My third is in flour and also in rusk.
My fourth is in twilight and not in dusk.
My fifth is in road but not in path.
My sixth is in board but not in lath.
My seventh is in heel but not in foot.
My eighth is in limb but not in root.
My whole is a rodent with a bushy tail.

Riddle.

343—Of me some folks have far too much;
Too little some folks own.
I'm bright to see and cold to touch,
I'm yellow, gray or brown.

Four-word Square.

344—1. What you do with your ear.
2. Name of a lake.
3. A great section of the Eastern Hemisphere.
4. What you do with your book.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

339—Hidden Things That Make a Noise.

1. Song. 2. Splash. 3. Shout. 4. Bump. 5. Slam.

340—Dropped Letters.

Football. Crosswords: 1. So(f)t. 2. So(o)n. 3. P(o)int. 4. (T)oil. 5. (B)ale. 6. B(a)it. 7. B(l)ack. 8. B(l)ank.

341—Four-word Square.

S H O P
H I V E
O V A L
P E L T

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

hear hear
erse e se
asia asig
read read

* * *

Suggestions for Success.

A CHURCH prints on the back of its program of service these words:

I will not worry.
I will not be afraid.
I will not give way to anger.
I will not yield to envy, jealousy or hatred.
I will be kind to every man, woman and child with whom I come in contact.
I will be cheerful and hopeful.
I will trust in God and bravely face the future.

Read them again. They are worth while.

Cut them out and paste or pin them where you will see them often.

About all there is in life worth striving for is suggested in these few lines.

Houses, lands, bonds, automobiles are fine possessions. But far more precious still to anyone, in any station, are the measures of the mind and soul—composure, courage, cheerfulness, tolerance, kindness, hope—all these and faith in something higher than what the eyes see and the hands hold.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

DOGS

HOUNDS FOR SALE; WELL TRAINED FOR coons and skunks. Real treers, prices and ages right. Will please you. For full particulars, write P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5 DOWN, $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

HOMESTEAD LANDS

FREE HOMESTEAD LAND, HEALTHFUL Ozarks, raise corn, cotton, vegetables, fruit. Deer, turkey, fishing. Particulars free. Maurice B. Decker, Norfork, Ark.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book; symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

ECZEMA! A TASTELESS, HARMLESS remedy. One month's treatment, one dollar. Six-X. Co., Box 116, Kewanee, Illinois.

FREEDOM FOREVER FROM DANDRUFF, falling hair, itching scalp. Free sample. Dandrex Laboratories, Butte, Montana.

RAZORS

THOUSANDS OF WISE SELF SHAVERS and barbers use high grade reinforced edge Sterling razors. We will send you one on 30 days' trial. If satisfactory, costs $1.67. If not, costs nothing. Fine horsehide strop free. Sterling Company, A-11, Baltimore, Maryland.

NEW FEATHER BEDS

BARGAINS IN NEW, CLEAN, SANITARY featherbeds, pillows and feathers direct from the factory. Everything sent on ten days' free trial and we pay the express and parcel post. Satisfaction guaranteed before you buy. Write today for free, big, beautiful catalog and our special low prices, also sample feathers and ticking. American Feather & Pillow Co., Dept. C-11, Nashville, Tenn.

PHOTOPLAYS

EARN $50 WEEKLY, SPARE TIME AT home, writing photoplays. Experience unnecessary. Particulars 2c stamp. Playwriters Co., St. Louis, Mo.

TYPEWRITERS

TYPEWRITERS, $2 UP. TRIAL ALLOWED. Amos Jones, Clifton, S. C.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

250 MAGIC TRICKS, 10c. CATALOG free. Prof. Chaffin, Greenup, Ky.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROYalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANYone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROcery store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested. Take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

TEN RAPID SELLERS—ALL PROFITABLE. Windshield cleaners, spark plugs, transformers, visors, etc. No investment. Generous commissions. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 314 Sta. C, Omaha, Neb.

SALESMEN — SELL GABARDINE COATS $9.95. $18.00 value. Big commission. Sample coat free. Write United Co., Dept. 200C., 1303 Fulton Ave., Evansville, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders—300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. Two other "sight sellers" and sure repeaters give our agents the fastest selling line in the country. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 88, 1302-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

CLEAN UP $100.00 WEEKLY FROM NOW till Christmas with "Nifty Nine." Weekly average 100 sales—dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made. Demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-coaxers. All ideal for Christmas gifts—several at each house. Big rush now starting. Get free sample outfit offer. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

TAILORING SALESMEN: MAKE $75.00 A week selling our strictly all-wool made-to-measure suits at $26.50. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. Many exclusive money-making features. Tailoring, raincoat and side-line men, part or full time, get in touch with us immediately. Goodwear Chicago, Inc., Dept. 177, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1,000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36-68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS, DISTRIBUTORS, ENERGETIC men every city can earn $50 to $100 weekly selling new line household specialties. Start at once; large demand; sell on sight. Big Three Money-Maker sent free; selling instructions, folders furnished. The Fernald Company, North East, Pa.

BECOME OUR LOCAL SALESMAN SELLing high grade shoes direct to consumer; whole or part time. Liberal commission. Capital or experience not necessary. For particulars address Tanners Shoe Manufacturing Co., 493 C Street, Boston, Mass. Dept. 9.

HIGH GRADE SPECIALTY MEN FOR PATented check protector fountain pen, guaranteed 5 years; every body who writes is good prospect for this pen; agents everywhere average daily $15. Kritikson Bros., Inc., 116 West Illinois St., Chicago.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 62, Fairfield, Iowa.

100% PROFIT SELLING OUR FELT rugs to homes, hotels, offices, etc. Everybody buys. We are manufacturers, not jobbers. Prices defy competition. $75 week easy. Newark Felt Rug Company, 56-E Bergen Street, Newark, N. J.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

AGENTS: ENORMOUS PROFITS. PERMAnent repeat business. Exclusive territory, selling highest quality products at low prices. Cocoanut Oil Shampoo retails 50c bottle, costs $1 dozen. Soaps, perfumes, extracts, etc. B. Verdina Co., 16 East 13th, New York.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN, Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

SELL DENTOX, 25c PACKAGE, GUARANteed to stop any toothache immediately. Double your money. Send $1.50 for dozen on self selling-display-card. Write Dentox, 313 Heed Building, Philadelphia.

AGENTS MAKING UP TO $25.00 PER DAY selling "Amazing Story of Henry Ford." Authorized edition now ready. Write for free outfit today. Department "S," Mullikin Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LIGHTNING—STRANGE BATTERY COMpound startles the world. Better than sulphuric acid. Charges discharged batteries instantly. Gallon free to agents. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Llaro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware. Complete working outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

OUR AGENTS MAKE $35 TO $50 DAILY and are getting it with new marvelous invention. Sells to everybody. Low price. Pocket outfit. Write Suren Co., 25 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS: MAKE 100%, TOILET ARTICLES, perfumes, extracts, household necessities. Sample case free. LaDerma Co., Dept. B, Main & Walnut, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., 32, Parsons, Kan.

WORLD'S FASTEST AGENT'S SELLER. 300% profit. Needed in every home and store. Establish permanent business. Premier Mfg. Co., 803 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

AGENTS — BIG MONEY YEAR AROUND. New business. Unique proposition. Crown Mfg. Co., Sta. E, Box 61, Toledo, Ohio.

HELP WANTED

EARN $15-$50 WEEKLY WRITING SHOW cards. No canvassing. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars, terms free. Sho-Rite Sign System, Inc., 1819-C, Detroit, Mich.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

START A PRESSING, CLEANING AND dyeing shop, splendid field, excellent profits. We tell you how. Write for booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 3, Charlotte, N. C.

WANTED: CONFIDENTIAL INFORMAtion from your locality; spare time or steady employment. Write American Investigating Service, M130, Bandon, Oregon.

LEARN PLATING, ETC. PROFITABLE— Big demand. Free plans. Norman Rorick, 427 Carroll St., Akron, Ohio.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, POSTOFFICE and other help wanted by Government. $1400 to $2300. Examinations everywhere soon. Write today for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, B-51 Kesner Building, Chicago.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY. EXpenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $200 MONTHLY, railroads everywhere; no strike (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOYS-MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXperts. $35 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. K. 404, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write for details explaining guaranteed positions. J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, Dept. DE, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN WANTED TO TAKE UP FINGER print work. Experience unnecessary. Write for particulars explaining guaranteed position. Universal Finger Print System, Dept. FE, St. Louis, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE. $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write. American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE—PLENTY OF WORK, good pay, rich rewards to the competent and qualified. Information free. Address Manager, 444 Webster Bldg., Chicago.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; experience unnecessary; particulars free. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

WATCHES—JEWELRY

FREE—$10 WATCH, LADIES' OR GENT'S, gold hunting case. Ford Watch Co., B., Winona, Minn.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING THOSE DEsiring plain home sewing. No canvassing. City, country. To prevent curiosity seekers, send twelve cents for inf. Good Wear Cloth Co., Inc., Asbury Park, N. J.

LADIES — EARN $15 WEEKLY, SPARE time, at home, addressing, mailing music circulars. Send for professional copy, information. Ansonia Music Co., 1658 Broadway, New York City.

WOMEN WANTED, LEARN DRESS DEsigning, $35 week. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. K. 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

GOLD MINING IN COLORADO NOW BOOMing. Make your fortune in ' ' Pewabic Gold Company. Mine already produced two million dollars in gold, according to U. S. Government reports and another two million in ore blocked out waiting to be milled. Our veins have been cut at 1700 feet by famous Newhouse tunnel which competent engineers estimate mine to contain over one hundred million dollars in gold. Limited number of shares now selling at 4c each to raise money to complete mill. Price advances soon. Full particulars, including engineers' report, sent free. Hoffman & Company, 1119 First National Bank Building, Denver, Colo.

YOUR FORTUNE IN COPPER—GOLD—SILver is offered to you on the installment plan. Another Porphyry-Copper-Corporation. One company paid thirty, another forty-five millions in dividends. The same possibilities are your opportunity today. It's a hundred to one investment-speculation at fifteen cents per share, today. Illustrated report sent free. Little Hatchet Mining Co., Hachita, N. M.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $8 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP KOSSE FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel Company, Suite 443, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

MONEY IN GRAIN. $12.50 BUYS GUARANtees on 10,000 bu. wheat. No further risk. Movement of 5c opportunity take $500; 4c, $400; etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Daily Guide, 871 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

EACH NEW OIL POOL DISCOVERED IN Texas makes thousands rich. Absolutely the only safe way is to buy the oil lease, outright. For particulars write C. Youngblood, Ben Wheeler, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

OIL LAND (TEXAS) FOR SALE. SMALL cash. Long terms. Immense profits. Get particulars. Gulf Realty, 337 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS SECURED. PROMPT SERVICE. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and free book telling How to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 357 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—WRITE TODAY FOR FREE INstruction book and Evidence of Conception blank. Send sketch or model for examination and opinion; strictly confidential. No delay in my offices; my reply special delivery. Reasonable terms. Personal attention. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

OLD COINS

MONEY OF THE GREAT WAR ISSUED BY the various countries, in paper and metal. All are curious and interesting. Will send you a fine specimen and my large 50-page Illustrated Coin Catalog for only 10c—"just to get acquainted." Send now. B. Max Mehl, Numismatist, Mehl Bldg., Dept. Y, Fort Worth, Texas. Largest rare coin establishment in the United States.

PERSONAL

QUIT GAMBLING, PLAY SAFE. LINE UP with us for the big oil money from Arkansas' wonder oil pools. Investments made now should pay ten to one by Christmas. Our investment proposition protects you and gives the small investor his golden opportunity. Your money back when you want it. Your dividends as we earn them. A safe savings plan where profits are unlimited. Try a $10 investment or more with us now as the oil rush is on. Mail check or write today. The Security Trust, El Dorado, Arkansas.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, IF YOU have lost your power, strength; if you lack pep, feel downhearted or discouraged. Don't give up. Get relief in 24 to 48 hours. Our positive money-back guarantee protects you. Get our remedy by return mail. One box, $2; double strength, $3. E. F. Geisler, 284 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 38 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE WHO ARE losing out in life, caused from weak, nervous, rundown condition, take Castleberry's Pills and be happy. Mailed, $1.00. Wonderful testimonials and sample free. A. F. Castleberry, Dept. 564, Columbus, Ga.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES, NO harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS? Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN EYES WITH BLENDed iris. Finest made. Comfortable, sightly. Correctly fitted in own home. Low prices. Literature free. Dr. Otis Balcom, Jackson, Ohio.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

FARMER, 39, WORTH $15,000, AND POULtryman, 49, worth $35,000, want wives. Give age, description and means, if any. Box 1147, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

JOIN THE CLUB OF JOLLY PEOPLE. EXchange letters and make real sweethearts. Send stamp. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida.

MARRY—WORLD'S LEADING CORREspondence club for lonely people. Many rich. Quick results. Lists free. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 86, San Francisco.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTIFlamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

LONESOME? HUNDREDS SEEKING MATtrimony. Write today for free information enclosing stamp. Harmony Club, 944 B. Montana St., Chicago.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

WHY BE LONESOME? CORRESPOND with our lady members. Names, addresses complete $1.00. Cosmopolitan Club, Box 428-1, Venice, Calif.

THOUSANDS AFFECTIONATE LADIES want husbands. Descriptions, introductions, particulars free. Sealed. Many wealthy. Hall's Club, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

GET ACQUAINTED—MARRY WELL. LAdies and gentlemen everywhere will exchange jolly letters. List free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

HEIRS WANTED AT ONCE. [illegible] EStates seeking claimants. You may be one. Send 2 cent stamp for circular. International Claim Agency, 62, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LONESOME WIDOW, WORTH $10,000, owns 90 acre farm, desires to correspond, object matrimony. Mrs. B, care People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, Cal.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN correspondents. Introductions 25c. Clare, 16, Cambridge St., London, S. W., England.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANdinavian Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANT NEW FRIENDS? WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

IF YOU WISH A REAL LOVING LITTLE wifey and a home, write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

BUSINESS MAN; GOOD HEALTH; SOME wealth. Ladies write me. Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY. WRITE me, marry wealth. Mr. Hyde, Box 305, 86, San Francisco.

IF YOU WISH A WEALTHY PRETTY GIRL, get busy. Write, inclosing addressed envelope. Lois Sproul, Cleveland, Ohio.

JOIN THE "HOME CORRESPONDENCE Club." Particulars free. Confidential. Mrs. Keena, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GIRL, 26, WITH MEANS, WANTS GENTLEman correspondent. X-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WOULD YOU MARRY CHARMING GIRL worth $80,000? Club, Box 66, Oxford, Florida.

BACHELOR, 42, COMFORTABLY SITUated, would marry. G. Alliance, Box 95, Toledo, Ohio.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

LIST OF GIRLS WISHING CORRESPONDence, 10c. Girls join free. Sophie K. Girard, Pawtucket, R. I.

FRIENDSHIP MAGAZINE; MATRIMONIAL publication, absolutely free. Sealed for stamp. Lacy Brothers, Medina, N. Y.

RANCHER, WORTH $50,000, WANTS WIFE. Ladies, write. H-Box 10, Cimarron, Kans.

Be a Certificated Electrical Expert

You, Too, Can Learn To Boss This Job.

EARN $3500 TO $10000 A YEAR

TRAINED "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known.

"Electrical Experts" earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions. Big jobs everywhere are waiting for trained men to fill them.

Learn at Home to Earn $12.00 to $30.00 a Day

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the "screw driver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"—who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss Big Jobs—the jobs that pay. You, too, can learn to fill one of these jobs—spare time only is needed. Be an "Electrical Expert"—Earn $70 to $200 a week.

Age or Lack of Experience No Drawback

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. If you can read and write English, my course will make you a big success. It is the most simple, thorough, and successful Electrical Course in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

I Give You a Real Training

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundreds of my students are now earning $3,500 to $10,000 a year. Many are successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS. Every branch of Electricity is open to you when you have finished my course. My experience as a practical engineer and my most unusual course makes this possible. I even have special lessons for those who want to go into business for themselves.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me you, too, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

ELECTRIC MOTOR and Whole Outfit of Tools and Apparatus FREE

I give each of my students, absolutely free of charge, a splendid Electrical Outfit consisting of 25 different articles—tools, measuring instruments, materials, supplies, etc. All in all, it's the most wonderful and practical outfit ever given away. With it you can start practical work, can start making money right on the jump.

This Motor is 4 inches high. The Picture is reduced.

FREE—Electrical Working Outfit—FREE

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